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POEMS AND SONGS.



# HOME

AND OTHER

## POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

GILBERT CLARK, M.A.

WITH

INTRODUCTION BY D. H. EDWARDS,

*Editor of "Modern Scottish Poets," &c.*

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Dedication.



TO MY MOTHER.





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## MY MUSE.

---

 SHOULD not my spirit sing  
As well as e'er it can,  
From the heart each echo ring  
Of joy or woe in man?

The bird sings in the bough  
And warbles till the night :  
Its note or plain or low,  
It asks not, wrong or right ?

The robin tunes his lay,  
Nor mocks the trilling lark,  
Nor imitates the jay,  
But keeps his own true mark.

Why should it fear me much  
To tune my swelling heart,  
That Tennyson and such  
Have sung a higher part ?

I'll sing, while I have life,  
What deep I know or feel :  
The burthen and the strife,  
Of souls the woe or weal,





## INTRODUCTION.



AN American writer the other day asserted that the human mind will not much longer exhibit a purely literary activity. The enthusiasm or glowing feelings, which have hitherto given birth to poetry, will still continue to be felt, but it will not pour itself in verse, but “voice itself in some other form.” The novel, too, he held to be “on its last legs. Actual life, with the means of swift locomotion through all the zones at the command of almost everybody, and with the means of luxurious living equally common, as they soon will be, will, ere long, make the literature of mere amusement of no interest. Let us suppose ‘air travel’ to have become a reality, as it sooner or later will be. In that case mere journeying to and fro through the atmosphere would furnish more æsthetic enjoyment than any poet or novelist’s dream or imaginative delineation could.” Well, in the case of poets, it will, in a sense, be no new experience for them to soar

in the air ; and if ordinary mortals are to give up reading poetry for the agreeable sensation of mid-air feeling, we cannot but have a friendly interest in the fruits of our later bards. And it would appear that the old country has not altogether a monopoly of the minor poets, for we lately observed that the competition for the prize cantata to be sung at the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition brought nearly two hundred and fifty candidates into the field. This, however, is not quite so good as the record of the town of Paisley, which, with a population of about 50,000 souls, boasts of producing a poet for every day in the year. A great deal is naturally to be expected from a town which, as its traditions are said to assert, possesses so promising and fine-grown a suburb as Glasgow. The Australians, however, consider that there need be no feeling of humiliation in the fact that their whole continent has not been able to supply as many poets as one North British town, but rather one of proud self-congratulation that the followers of the Muse are as numerous with them as they are.

Whatever changes the near future may bring, we know that the period of long-winded and elaborate prefaces is past, and now-a-days the public judge of a work by its own merits, rather than from the colouring the author or his friends may offer at the outset. We do not require to say here that Scotland is proud of her large company of really gifted modern bards and versifiers, as she is of her rich galaxy of honoured names of the past. We all believe that there were in Scotland in ancient times a class of men called minstrels. They have left much to attest their exis-

tence, although, for a very cogent reason, their songs and ballads were never committed to writing. Writing was little practised amongst them, and the art of printing was almost unknown. But is it not just possible that though they had lived in other times, they would perhaps not have committed their compositions either to manuscript or print? This would not only have put their craft in danger, but destroyed it altogether, as it ultimately did. They could not, however, prevent their utterances from finding a place in the hearts and memories of old women and maidens, and thus have many of them been handed down to us by diligent and painstaking editors and collectors.

A national literature is said to be the collective mind of a given nation in its highest manifestations of reflective thought and imagination. Each nation or race has a collective or peculiar mind, which is easily distinguishable from that of another nation. And is it too much to say that the sentiment of song, and the pathos of music have done more for the cohesion of Scotland as a nation, in the most trying times, than any other incident or event that the historian can trace? How frequently do we read, in touching language, of the yearning of the wanderer's heart for the motherland?

“ . . . See the Scottish exile, tanned  
By many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep  
In memory of his native land—  
With love that scorns the lapse of time,  
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.”

Robert Chambers has said that "poetry and music, till the early part of the last century, lived a vagrant life in Scotland, but they flourished in the hearts and the souls of the people, for the people of Scotland were susceptible of the strongest impressions from poetry and music." Is it not the case that, commingled with blood and tears, the Scottish Muse mourned the demise of good king Alexander III. in 1286, and chaunted pæans over the victories of Bruce and Edward. A constellation of illustrious names illumined the lyrical firmament of Scotland, until the land was flooded with light by the great luminary whose lyre still resounds over the globe, and is still echoed by almost countless bards that have since sprung up in these later times to enrich our poetical literature with utterances replete with pathos and tenderness, humour and simplicity—rough vigour and polished sweetness—noble scorn of whatever is mean and vile, deep sympathy with humble worth, and with sweetest images of domestic love and fireside joy.

Even in these days of the most prosaic economic and mechanical devisings, when men are universally busied in converting days, hours, and minutes into pounds, shillings, and pence, the soul of poesy seems to gain strength in our midst. All varieties of lyrics, poems, and dramas are warbled forth by all classes of the people. Diverse they certainly are—some of them stirring the heart like the war-trumpet urging to battle, others soothing the soul like soft summer winds. "Our benison upon the beautiful birds," says a recent popular writer, "that are singing like young-eyed cherubim to cheer and better man's estate." Truly they sing

in this age of iron their "wood-notes wild," to be heard above the rush of business and the din of machinery; they sing, in an age of gross calculation and earthly tendency, to man the immortal, quickening the diviner impulses of his soul, and wooing him to rise up in the greatness of his lofty future destiny.

But it is necessary for us now to refer more particularly to our author and his book. From the Eleventh Series of "Modern Scottish Poets" we learn that he is a young minister of the Church of Scotland, who from his early boyhood was possessed of the ambition that one day he would "wag his head in a poopit." After years of honest and faithful work his wish was gratified, and his labours have been crowned with at least some measure of success. A native of Ayrshire, he was reared on poetic ground. His father was tenant on a farm famous in Covenanting times, situated in the near neighbourhood of Aird's Moss, the scene of Richard Cameron's last struggle. Shortly after his father's death the family removed to Catrine, in sight of the "Braes o' Ballochmyle," and subsequently they settled in the village of Sorn, on the banks of the Ayr, where his mother held a small property. An apt scholar and a diligent student of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, and Gray, he was also an ardent lover of Nature, roving after school hours in the woods and fields, or "guddling" in the Ayr. He first expressed his thoughts in rhyme about the age of sixteen, but there was even before then an inexpressible hunger in his soul for the pure, the loving, and the beautiful. He studied for some time at the Madras College, St Andrews—a town so rich in sacred

memories, where he spent his leisure hours amongst its hoary ruins, or by the sea, which, we understand, always appeals to his feelings in a mysterious way, and which he addresses in this volume :

“ Roll on, O sea !  
Best mirror of heaven's bright sky ;  
Roll on, O sea !  
And bear thou my music on high.”

On completing the usual course at Glasgow University, where our poet took his degree of Master of Arts, he went to Edinburgh to study divinity. After the first session, he pled the cause of the Edinburgh University Missionary Association, which enabled him, in the summer months, to see more of the beauties of the country. But by far the greatest event of his divinity course, however, was the spending of two summers in Germany. His first season was at Heidelberg, and having made some acquaintance with Schiller and Goethe through Carlyle, he longed to make friends with them in the vernacular. Having no one to speak to but foreigners, he for a time felt homesick, longing for his native land, and realising how much he loved dear old Scotland. But he soon made many friends, studied hard under Professor Otto, and visited a number of enchanting and romantic places. Next summer he proceeded to Leipsic University, attending the lectures of Luthardt and Delitzsch, and visiting Dresden and its art galleries, the Hartz Mountains and Thuringian Forest, and doing homage at the shrines of Luther, Goethe, and Schiller.

In December, 1878, Mr Clark was licensed, and suc-



cessively assisted for a short time the ministers of Portobello, Penninghame, Newton-Stewart, and for longer periods the ministers of Prestonpans, and Buittle. It was while at Prestonpans that he began to pen some lines of religious verse. The beauties of Nature in this picturesque and historic part of Scotland were duly appreciated by him; and when he removed to Buittle—a quiet pastoral district, with lovely combination of hill and sea and wood, he found many fitting subjects for his Muse.

In 1884 Mr Clark was called to the charge of Haywood Chapel, parish of Carnwath. Here, although the surroundings are somewhat bleak, the Pentlands and the Lowthers stand picturesquely around, redolent with the name of Ramsay; to the south are the Tweed and Clyde—the one with its classic memories of Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, the other with its romantic and beautiful falls, and the name of Wallace, as it were, blended in their roar.

As a minister, we need only say that he has, deservedly, the love and esteem of his people. We farther learn that his wealth of imagination and poetic nature is manifested in his vigorous, earnest, and devout discourses—the result of careful preparation, minute observation, extensive reading, and of sound thinking. We have, however, more to do with him as a poet, and his most marked characteristics might be summed up thus:—Warm human sympathy, keen and tender susceptibilities, and an ardent feeling for Nature, not only in its quiet moods, but also in its more sublime and awe-inspiring aspects. All his utterances evince a pleasing sincerity, like the artless

notes of the bird that sings because it cannot help it.  
As he says of his own Muse—

“Should not my spirit sing  
As well as e'er it can,  
From the heart each echo ring  
Of joy or woe in man?”

The author makes no pretensions to grand ideas or sublime originalities. We do not assign him a place amongst the divine songsters of the earth, or regard him as a Koh-i-noor that must needs attract all eyes in admiration. He does not claim poetic inspiration or high poetic honour, but merely gives us the fruits of his leisure moments clothed in simple, natural utterances. His subjects are generally of universal interest, and they are treated in a homely, familiar way.

Occasional glimpses of his metaphysical powers, however, are discernible in his longer poems, but the abstract thought, and what is called the “mystico-matter” frequently met with in modern poetry are wanting. Yet, to be candid, we at times find commonplace embellishments, and loose rhythm and rhyme in the midst of passages of remarkable power and fervour. This may, doubtless, be the result of haste or want of careful “polish.” In these days there is much hasty writing, and authors do not, perhaps, strive or seek to secure the artistic arrangement and studied quaintness of simplicity—the seemingly artless, yet, in their estimation, the perfection of cultivated elegance—that characterised the verse of an earlier period, the dream-life of the past, in which

one seems to feel the influence of cloister shades and college groves, faded velvet and tarnished lace. Opinions, however, differ as to what constitutes "false," "loose," or "imperfect" rhyming. A recent writer, referring to a criticism by Leigh Hunt of some verses by Fletcher draws attention to the rhyming of *sight* and *sweet*, in which he supposes a harmony more discernible by the "fine ears of our ancestors than by our modern power of appreciating sound. This might well be, for we have fallen into a mechanical, engine-turned method of versification, alternately with loose habits of rhythm and rhyme. Caution is, however, necessary in drawing inferences of pronunciation from the rhymes of any period, inasmuch as it was not always a custom of poets to hold themselves bound by rules such as we find in modern 'rhyming dictionaries.' The hesitation of modern hearers to accept good, though not instantly apparent rhymes, has impoverished the effect of much excellent verse. There is at present a constrained affectation of exactness—a too conscious ingenuity. There is nothing to be said against neatness and finish, but some of our modern poetry is so painfully precise as to leave no room for the least turn of pronunciation."

There may be a certain amount of truth in this, for uniformity deprived of all variety becomes monotonous and unnatural; and perhaps this may also be the feeling of our poet. His sonnets, however, are concise, comprehensive, and neatly turned. Some of them evince deep insight and a powerful inward reading of truth as well as affluent imagery, a store of solid wisdom, and an abundant perception of

the beautiful both in the natural and the spiritual universe. He not only describes Nature with truth and grace, but he also recognises its moral significance. To interpret the sights and sounds of Nature aright the mind must be pure. As Coleridge says—

“And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.”

And he (Coleridge) goes on to bear testimony to the fact of Nature's dependence on the soul itself for interpretation and spiritual beauty, without which reception and irradiated transfiguration Nature would be—what it is to the mere materialist—a complicated machine. A dead faith beholds unlovingly what is communicated from on high, and without love in the recipient no good gift can be actually accepted. An old writer says “only the thankful heart receives the fragrance of the flower.” If the good be not assimilated with ourselves in this, the prescribed way, it is a mere delusion to say that we have made it ours by the action of our senses. In the impressive illustration of Carlyle, —“The eye only sees that which it possesses capacity for seeing.”

We have left ourselves little space for speaking at any length on the subject of Mr Clark's neat songs and short poems. These are his most happy and successful efforts. They are truth in the liquid form, flowing from the heart and mind of the author to the mind and heart of the reader. In many moods, they touch effectively the proper chord—whether in the grave and solemn moments of his Muse, or when he is

led to lighter and brighter fancies. In proof of this numerous pretty bits might be picked out, but they are now before the reader. Let us merely refer to "Somebody's Funeral," "The Dying Mother," "Shall we seek a Home," and "Love, Young Love." There are three or four songs on brooks and burnies—charmingly picturesque and admirably felicitous pictures, welling and rippling with the cheerful, refreshing purity of the wayside brook, made the more inviting by the sweet fragrance of the flowers that it kisses on its way to the ocean—

"O how I love the burnie,  
That sings by cot and hall,  
That lights the load of men,  
Be it great or small :  
That smiles in every face  
And mirrors heaven's blue—  
The glorious king of day  
And the twinkling starnies too.  
Wimplin' thro' the bracken,  
Wimplin' thro' the glen,  
My bonnie wee burnie  
Thou art the friend of men !

"O how I love the burnie,  
For it emblems all my life,  
The sunshine and the gladness,  
And the weary strife :  
In summer it doth tinkle,  
But in winter spate doth roar,  
Yet ever sings to me of Hope  
Upon a better shore."

And the "Two Tiny Burnies" tinkling down the hill,  
and frisking like the lambkins in their glee, till they—

“Unite in their ardour  
To form a bigger stream,  
And sing a fuller song,  
Like music in a dream.  
And their wedded currents  
Glance and gleam along,  
Happier and sweeter,  
For their union strong.”

The pages of the little volume before us gleam with ennobling thought and injunctions to noble endeavour. It is full of unassuming sincerity. It appeals strongly to the universal feelings of our common humanity. It breathes throughout the spirit of reverence for God, loyalty to country, and warm regard for the delights of home, love, and friendship. In this respect it has a mission, and will be read by the quiet fireside, and minister pleasure and solace to many homes where more elaborate and finished productions, with less heart, would fail. May it “accomplish that whereunto it is sent.”

BRECHIN, *April 1888.*







## POEMS AND SONGS.



### Home—A Poem.

#### I.

**D**EAR HOME! what spell is cast around thy  
name

For all that's best within the human soul ;  
Thou need'st no bard to waft abroad thy fame,  
To make thee sweet to men while centuries  
roll :

The child, that sits upon his mother's knee,  
Hath learned to lisp thy charms for years to  
come ;

The father, who from work returns in glee,  
Smiles on his wife and child, nor cares to  
roam :

The love of all that's dear dwells in thy walls,  
O home !

## II.

The patriot, who far away doth sing  
In lowly cabin in some western vale,  
Makes sweet moan in old ballads, that do bring  
The tears to rugged cheek by simple tale  
Of hills, and streams, and heroes, that of old  
Gave glory to the dear land of his birth :  
Again he smells the primrose on the wold,  
And sees the faces round his father's hearth ;  
Deep longings move his heart which find no  
rest on earth.

## III.

And at his daily toil by wood or lea,  
Sweet thoughts do mingle of long years gone  
by,  
When in his boyish sport he chased the bee,  
Yet quickly stayed to list the cuckoo nigh—  
Glad messenger of spring now heard no more :  
Ah, where is now the tender sister dear ?  
(An angel pure upon a heavenly shore,)  
The father kind, the mother whose deep fear  
Of God hath taught him all that's good and  
holy here.

## IV.

Where can the loved ones be who played with him,  
Who wandered through the woods and by the  
rills  
And gathered flowers and fruit till shadows dim  
Crept up the vale and o'er the purple hills?  
When, hand in hand, or running on with glee,  
They soon returned to shelter of their home,  
Then mothers smiled their rosy cheeks to see,  
And smiled yet more when fathers tired would  
come—  
Oh, where are all? Some, far; some in the  
earth's deep loam.

## V.

Oh, where is she, the tender and the fair,  
Who first did move the passion of his heart,  
Whose very form would straight divide from care,  
And bid all fears and ills of life depart?  
An angel form had she, an angel face,  
Quick eyes of love, and tongue of ready wit,  
A kindly grasp of hand, a tender grace,  
With ev'ry virtue of a woman knit:  
Alas! fond mem'ry, like a dove, doth brooding  
sit.

## VI.

Ah, now she's gone a fairer land to see,  
A brighter home beyond the azure sky—  
A husband young hath left with children three  
In helpless grief to wail her memory  
In this dark world of change, where friends are few,  
And faithful love in wife and mother dear  
Cannot be bought with wealth nor aught renew.  
Ah, well! they may lament with many a tear  
That dear one from their home, who ev'ry  
grief could cheer!

## VII.

But wherefore long for that which comes no  
more?  
Howe'er we wish, friends will not come again  
Back to this world from the Eternal Shore.  
So thinks he as he quits the field with pain  
Of heart, yet cheerful bends his steps for home—  
A log-hut by the lake or river broad—  
Where wife and little ones watch till he come,  
To welcome him from toil: then all his load  
Of care and thought departs at sight of his  
abode.

## VIII.

And quietly by the fire he takes his place,  
His wife rejoicing in his presence near,  
A little one with childish winning ways  
Climbs on his knee a Scottish tale to hear  
Of Wallace, or of Bruce at Bannockburn,  
And how they made their English foes to turn  
Full swiftly o'er the Border, whence they came,  
Home to their dames, who might, to hide their  
shame :  
A tale like this he tells that raises Scottish fame.

## IX.

But comes full soon the frugal supper, spread  
On snowy cloth that sharpens appetite—  
The wholesome porridge and some fruit and  
bread :  
Then, satisfied and cheerful for the night,  
He takes him to his book and reads aloud  
To wife and child and servants round the fire :  
Mayhap the theme, God's glory in the cloud,  
Which led His people forth from Pharaoh's ire,  
Or David's matchless lays that all true hearts  
inspire.

## X.

Or he may choose a portion from the sage,  
Isaiah, son of Amoz, who foresaw  
Thro' suff'rings of the Son of Man an age  
Of peace to earth and man 'neath gospel law :  
Or it may be of Daniel and his fear  
Of God above the fear of man he reads,  
When pleased, or well nigh trembling, they may  
hear  
Of wise men baffled, and of wicked deeds  
Rewarding wicked men by helping lions' needs.

## XI.

And then to bed the children hie away  
To quiet sleep, in dreams of joy held fast :  
They seem to play with flow'rs on sunny day,  
While merry brooklet gurgling hurries past ;  
They pick the pebbles from its silver marge,  
And sing a glee that matches with its song ;  
The flow'rs and stones they set afloat on barge  
Of fragrant bark, which bounding light, ere  
long  
Is wrecked, and from their sight borne on by  
current strong.

## XII.

Meanwhile the father and the mother dear  
Sit by the fire and talk in sweet commune  
Of household things, of neighbours far and near,  
Who claim with them fair friendship's dearest  
boon ;  
But chiefly olden times, and the dear shore  
They left some years ago to strive with fate ;  
Alas ! some friends they ne'er can meet with  
more,  
Whose feet walk safe within the golden gate :  
For them they sigh, yet muse—they have  
not long to wait !

## XIII.

And musing, like the Psalmist, the fire burns  
Within their breasts, and stirs to purpose  
new—  
They now resolve, if Fortune give good turns,  
To spend the evening of their days in view  
Of their own native hills and in the glen,  
Where oft to school they ran in merry glee ;  
And though their cottage be a "but and ben,"  
Contented they will live and "bide a wee,"  
Till comes the trumpet call for all eternity.



## XIV.

The student in the city garret pent,  
With yearning heart longs for his rural home,  
Where, forth into the fields his steps were bent  
In careless ease, or through the woods would  
    roam  
To list the lark, or muse amid the flow'rs,  
Nor heed the flight of time, nor college bell,  
That summons to the dull and Greekish hours,  
But gaze into the sky or sparkling well,  
While fragrant on the breeze the apple  
    blossoms smell.

## XV.

He sees his cottage home 'mong roses set,  
And plot of garden by a murm'ring stream  
But, though with Fancy's eyes his eyes are wet,  
And all his senses lost in sweetest dream,  
Within he sees a brightly burning fire,  
He hears his mother's voice call soft his name,  
And at that voice stirs all his heart's desire,  
To live for good and be to her for fame :  
Oh, may it never be that it should be for  
    blame.



## XVI.

Then looking round he scans his lonely room  
With bed and table, chairs infirm and old,  
With scanty fire like that of curfew doom,  
The sight of which doth almost chill with cold :  
But nigh, his books on shelf do warm his heart,  
And reconcile him to his weary lot :  
For by them in the world he'll do his part,  
And haply make the palace hail the cot :  
But all by virtue's law and peace the world  
knows not.

## XVII.

But more is in his mind, when home is breathed  
On lip, or wafted in his thought like myrrh,  
A tender name comes with it sweet enwreathed,  
Like fragrance on the breeze when south winds  
stir :  
A gentle form and features fair to see  
Come up before his fancy, and recall  
The days and nights of fondest memory,  
When by the wood and stream they walked,  
and all  
Seemed as enchanted dream, which nought on  
earth could pall.

## XVIII.

Into the future his thought flits and stays  
In some choice home of beauty and of peace,  
Where with her he may spend the halcyon days  
Of wedded love that dreams of no release ;  
Beside a wood, beside a wimpling burn,  
In sight of hills and distant sounding sea,  
Where lark and throstle sing at spring's return,  
Where flit the butterfly and bumble bee,  
And scarce will come a care for an eternity.

## XIX.

The soldier in the camp on distant shore  
Dreams of the dear home he hath left behind,  
Of parents loved, and love he fears no more  
May wait at even to bless with kisses kind ;  
Yet bravely he will hope above all fear,  
That heaven will send prosperity and peace,  
But mem'ry sweet must drop a passing tear,  
If but to give his surcharged bosom ease,  
Though from such hallowed thoughts he would  
not have release.

## XX.

When at the ev'ning hour he walks his round  
As sentry guard, and stars blaze out on high  
Like silver lamps hung from heav'n's azure  
ground,

His thoughts arise on eagle wings to fly :  
He sees his father's cot in moonlight pale,  
Beside the sea that murmurs softly by,  
The distant hills look ghostly down the dale,  
And shrilly sounds afar the sea-mew's cry,  
While through the leaves the winds come like  
a prayerful sigh.

## XXI.

But more at other times his thoughts are led  
To scenes of childhood and the loved of home,  
When in the camp fire glow the ashes red,  
Like blood to flow upon the morn to come :  
The tale is told, and silently the tear,  
When falling on the cheek, is brushed aside,  
Lest it be thought that he can have a fear,  
When fear was never known in him to hide,  
But on the loved of earth his loving thoughts  
abide.

## XXII.

Then when the morn is tinged with fiery red,  
And muffled drums are beat to wake from sleep,  
He starts from off his weary troubled bed,  
Ah, God ! he knows, an awful field to reap !  
But quick his soul is lifted up in pray'r  
For loved ones far to Him who all doth keep ;  
Then, ready for his country all to dare,  
He presseth to the front adown the steep,  
First with his gallant comrades on the foe to  
leap.

## XXIII.

Ah, me ! when battle's o'er is seen a corse  
Stretched out like hundreds more upon the  
sand,  
Laid low upon his face by fatal force  
Of ball, while grasping bayonet in hand :  
And raising him up gently, see how calm  
His countenance in death, like peaceful sleep,  
His lips as if he'd sung a parting psalm,  
To bid his loved ones for him not to weep,  
Since Home he'd gone in peace to Him who all  
doth keep !

## XXIV.

The widow by the fire who sits alone,  
With spectacles and Bible on her knee,  
Doth muse on byegone days, when she was won  
By the young peasant near the deep blue sea :  
Her youthful home blooms fresh within her mind,  
When careless hours of love seemed sweet as  
balm,  
But friends of youth are long, long left behind,  
And sleep within the churchyard's holy calm ;  
Yet on the breeze doth come her father's  
ev'ning psalm.

## XXV.

Then the next mem'ry which her soul doth move  
Is the small cot where bride and wife she came,  
Where first she drank the depth of earthly love,  
And from the girl grew to the wiser dame ;  
When little ones came toddling to her knee,  
And asked for wisdom she had not to give,  
She bent in lowly pray'r the light to see,  
That she might teach the Higher Life to live,  
And never of the best of blessings them  
deprive.

## XXVI.

But fuller joy dwells in her mem'ry too,  
When they had grown to youth and maiden-  
hood.  
Then life was bright to them, to her more new  
Than in the days of early solitude :  
Though one by one they left the shelt'ring cot,  
To seek their fortune and their part in life,  
Ne'er would she or their dear home be forgot,  
But there would turn their thoughts in weary  
strife,  
As haven of peace on earth, which wild waves  
thither drive.

## XXVII.

Yet not to them alone her thoughts are sent,  
As silently she sits upon her hearth ;  
The hush around tells of affection rent  
And set on mansions far above the earth :  
The saintly face of her dear husband dead  
Comes up before her in life glorified,  
And on the future now her hope is fed—  
Hope that she knows can never be denied,  
Since He who gave His word doth evermore  
abide.

## XXVIII.

And she hath newly read that word this morn,  
Where out of pain of heart the Lord spoke peace  
To them who felt all weary and forlorn :

“Let all your anxious troublings straightway  
cease,”

“In God ye all believe, believe in *Me*,”

“My Father’s house hath mansions manifold,”

“(Death is not night, nor is eternity)”

“Had there been none I sooner would have  
told,”

“But now I go that ye by faith may be more  
bold.”

## XXIX.

So comfort flows within her soul like balm,  
When, spectacles in hand, she shuts her eyes,  
And breathes with tears a prayer that brings a  
calm,

That lifts her up as if in Paradise :  
No more she seems within her narrow room,  
But borne aloft on golden wings afar ;  
Her form is changed, it hath immortal bloom,  
That will outlast the brightest sun or star ;  
And Home she comes at length by power of  
fervent prayer !





## Auld Buittle Kirk.

### I.-

**A**ULD Buittle Kirk! Auld Buittle Kirk!  
 how comely art thou now;  
 The ivy hings sae fresh and green about thy  
 bonnie brow;  
 Thy wa's are frail and tottering fast wi' lang  
 years that are gane,  
 But still thou seem'st the "House of God"—a  
 poem left in stane.

### II.

A roof-tree thou hast nane, but yet thou hast a  
 roof abune—  
 The vaulting arch o' heaven's blue and the stars  
 that peep adoon:  
 The eye of God yèt rests on thee wi' kindness on  
 thy place,  
 For many here had socht His love, and found  
 His glorious grace.

## III.

O, could'st thou tell thy history what sermon  
would it preach—

A lesson higher than sages or what the poets  
teach :

“That life is like a floo'r that blows, which Death  
shall pluck fu' sune ;

That joy is like to misery till ance the day be  
dune.”

## IV.

Within thy courts were seated ance the grave, the  
gay, the sad,

The rev'rent form wi' ageing step—grey haffets  
on his head ;

Here came the maiden first to pray, the bride-  
groom and the bride,

They socht the Lord wi' earnest heart, and  
they were not denied.

## V.

Nae langer noo thae worshippers assemble in  
thy wa's,  
To lift the heart to God in prayer, to sing a song  
of praise ;  
For they are gane and a' o' theirs that pilgrim  
aged to thee,  
Their tents are struck, they're fled awa' for all  
eternity.

## VI.

And who are they that now are left within thy  
holy bed ?  
The dead in Christ—their bodies rest—for they  
are not the dead :  
And all around 'tis holy ground, where many in  
Him do sleep  
To wake that resurrection morn, when nane the  
grave shall keep.

## VII.

Auld Buittle Kirk ! auld Buittle Kirk ! thou art  
a symbol fair  
O' death in life, o' life in death, that soothes  
my heart in care :  
Thy wa's are fast decaying, but the ivy aye is  
green ;  
Our bodies die to live again in House o' glorious  
sheen.

## The Brook.

**I** BUBBLE, bubble from the rock  
 To see the blessèd sun ;  
 I trouble, trouble at the shock  
 As o'er the fall I run.

I prattle, prattle as I go,  
 I sing and never stay :  
 I battle, battle onward to  
 The ocean far away.

I tinkle, tinkle o'er the stones,  
 As by the lea I flow ;  
 I twinkle, twinkle round the thrones  
 Of fairy folk I know.

I glitter, glitter in the light,  
 As through the glen I glide ;  
 I fritter, fritter in my fright  
 And o'er the mill-wheel ride.

I tremble, tremble at the gate  
Of mill-maid fair and kind ;  
I grumble, grumble all too late,  
When she is left behind.

I tumble, tumble to the sea  
And lose myself therein ;  
I stumble, stumble all the way,  
But would again begin.

## Winter Aspect of Nature.

THE lark now hath ceased his singing at  
morn,

The wee birds sit pensive on the bare spray,  
No longer the thrush pipes from the green  
thorn,

And Robin alone sings out his sweet lay.

The swallows that flitted in spring's balmy gale,  
Are seen now no more but are far, far away ;  
The cuckoo's lute voice late heard in the vale  
On balmier breeze is borne thro' the day.

The leaves that had greened the hardy old oak  
Lie lifeless and crumble on the cold ground :  
And roses that bloomed when summer awoke  
Have shed their fair petals o'er the green  
mound,

For summer hath gone and autumn hath blown,  
And winter winds howl through skeleton  
trees,  
And soon will the snow all over be strewn  
To clothe earth in white like a saint at peace.

Yet beauty doth live and never may die,  
It blooms on the plain and sleeps on the hill,  
It shines in the snow, it smiles in the sky,  
It gleams on the lake and laughs in the rill.

But summer and winter and all must depart,  
Their beauty and bloom doth soon fade and  
die ;  
A beauty there is that dwells in the heart,  
That never can fade through eternity.



## The Burnie—A Song.

**O** HOW I love the burnie  
 That wimples thro' the dell,  
 It lightens all my care  
 Far more than heart can tell,  
 It glimmers in the sunlight,  
 It murmurs in the ear  
 A pure and heavenly music,  
 Aye so sweet and clear.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken,  
 Wimplin' thro' the glen,  
 My bonnie wee burnie  
 Thou art the friend of men !

O how I love the burnie,  
 Where saplings wave o'erhead,  
 And where in summer bloomed  
 The flow'rs that now are dead :  
 On whose branches sings the robin,  
 And is heard the blackbird's note,  
 When the spring-time comes again  
 To swell each tiny throat.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken, &c.

O how I love the burnie,  
As it prattles by the lea,  
Where it sings of sweet content,  
Nor dreams of fall or sea :  
Where is heard the lapwing's call,  
Or plover's wailing cry,  
And the plough-boy croons a song  
To its waters purling by.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken, &c.

O how I love the burnie,  
That sings by cot and hall,  
That lights the load of men,  
Be it great or small :  
That smiles in every face  
And mirrors heaven's blue—  
The glorious king o' day  
And the twinkling starnies too.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken, &c.

O how I love the burnie,  
For it minds me of a day,  
When my life was near its source,  
And full of careless play :

When I skipped with boyish glee  
Around a happy home,  
Nor ever thought of sorrow,  
That was sure to come.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken, &c.

O how I love the burnie,  
For it emblems all my life,  
The sunshine and the gladness,  
And the weary strife :  
In summer it doth tinkle,  
But in winter spate doth roar,  
Yet ever sings to me of Hope  
Upon a better shore.

*Chorus.*—Wimplin' thro' the bracken, &c.

## Pictures.

### I.

A VACANT, cheerless room with smould'ring  
 fire,  
 Nor table, chair, nor rag upon the bed ;  
 There parents eat their meal with faces dire,  
 And in straw nooks lie children starved,  
 unfed!

### II.

A forest vast, in which fair songsters sing,  
 In vacant space of which a "great oak"  
 grows ;  
 And round it dance, as if on fairy wing,  
 Young men and maids whose future One but  
 knows !

## III.

A shriek ! a shriek from off the shore is heard,  
    “Men drown !” they cry, and all rush to the  
        sea ;  
And swift a boat shoots out, but *one* has sunk !  
    A mother wrings her hands in agony !

## IV.

A dreary moor, billowy as the sea,  
    With mountains standing round robed in the  
        snow,  
In midst the homes of men with weary hearts,  
    Yet heaven bends o’er in pity for their woe !

## V.

A hill with wavy pines ’neath bright blue sky,  
    A green glade on which graze flocks quietly ;  
And o’er the sward a shepherd wanders free,  
    His faithful dog around him frisks with glee.

## VI.

A bustling station on the hurrying rail,  
A drunken man with child and wife cross  
o'er :  
A whistle shriek ! from all a low sad wail !  
A brave man darts and saves from death's  
dread door !

## VII.

A rosy little child of two years old  
Plucks at a rose beside a rippling brook :  
A lamb upon the lea skips light and bold,  
While in the sky a rainbow keeps outlook.

## VIII.

A placid evening when the sun is set,  
And thro' the clouds the pale moon sails  
above ;  
While 'neath the sighing trees are lovers met,  
Whispering out the old sweet tale of love.

## IX.

A face of want, of penury, and woe,  
The chin and nose nigh met, with eyes down-  
cast ;  
In ev'ry line a trace of sorrow seen,  
An old man wanders to his grave at last.

## X.

An humble cottage 'neath a forest fair,  
In sound of merry brook and songster's note ;  
Within, an old man sits, nor sees the light,  
The dawn of day in heaven is all his thought !

## XI.

A low hut in a bleak and barren moor,  
Near by a woman toiling at the sod,  
Within, a sister, helpless as she's poor,  
Prays that her soul may be at peace with  
God !

## XII.

A face of hate, hypocrisy, despair,  
And hair grown gray in service of the world ;  
A drooping look which God and man doth dare,  
A sloping brow and chin with lip up-curled.

## XIII.

A gentle countenance of youth in bloom,  
Depicting hope in every feature seen,  
And thoughts that take their rise beyond the  
tomb—  
A noble life with nothing in it mean.

## XIV.

A maiden mild with cheerful beaming face,  
With rippling hair that hangs in careless grace :  
In form not yet a woman, nor in fears—  
So full of joy—nor knowing woman's tears.



## Voices of the Wind.

**W**HY sighs my spirit with the wind  
 And shudders at its moan ?  
 In common has it aught with mind  
 That it should wail and groan ?

It speaks a language nought else can  
 As it whistles round the eaves :  
 It gives a music sweetly sad  
 As it murmurs thro' the leaves.

It has a chord for every mood  
 Of man in joy or grief ;  
 It sounds of triumph to the good,  
 To the sad it brings relief.

In summer whispers it of love  
 To lovers out in June ;  
 In autumn sighs it in the grove  
 A sweet and plaintive tune.

In winter it doth wail and moan,  
Thro' tall and leafless trees,  
As if it spoke the dying groan  
Of slaves beyond the seas.

Methinks the spirit of the wind  
Doth know the heart of man ;  
In joy or grief is glad or kind,  
And aids him what it can.

## The Pic-nic.

LADS and lassies O so gay,  
Merry voices blend in play !  
Dance upon the lea 'mong flow'rs,  
While away the summer hours !

Youth and beauty now are out,  
And for very glee they shout—  
Rosy maiden, laughing boy,  
Flit and skim with bounding joy.

O there's joy in every face,  
Care and sorrow have no place ;  
Sun and flow'rs are in each heart—  
All allured by Cupid's dart.

Home they hie in evening calm,  
Feeling life's elixir balm,  
Dreaming too of days to come,  
Happy hearts in happy home !

Long may youth and beauty meet,  
Fill the hours with dreams so sweet :  
Cling in hope and trust and love,  
Make the earth like heaven above !

## Two Tiny Burnies.

"Union is strength,"—*Old Proverb.*

TWO tiny burnies  
 Tinkle down the hill,  
 Frisking like the lambkins  
 With a gleeful will :  
 Unite in their ardour  
 To form a bigger stream,  
 And sing a fuller song,  
 Like music in a dream.

And their wedded currents  
 Glance and gleam along,  
 Happier and sweeter,  
 For their union strong.  
 And the world seems fairer,  
 Imaged in their breast,  
 And flowers bloom fresher,  
 While heaven is at rest.

In their ample waters  
    Troutlings are at play,  
And the little birdie  
    Comes to bathe each day :  
Sprouts the sea-green herb,  
    In their crystal clear ;  
Each pebble is a diamond  
    To little children dear.

And thus on and onward  
    They glide in joy away,  
Tasting all the freshness  
    Of the happy May :  
Till in the ocean placid  
    They fall asleep at length,  
Happy in their sweetness,  
    Happy in their strength.

O gentle reader !  
    Read the riddle here,  
In the brooklets' union,  
    In their gladsome cheer ;

In the happy union  
Of two souls and true,  
Felt is more of heaven,  
And earth is happier too.

And the gladsome music  
Swells as on they go,  
Down the vale of sorrow,  
To their rest below ;  
Till the mighty music  
Swells around the throne,  
And two lives are ended  
In heaven to be one.

## Spring Again.

① THE Spring is here again,  
With her gentle pattering rain,  
With her flowers of fairy hue,  
That each morning drink the dew,  
With the welcome wood-notes sweet,  
With the lambkin's plaintive bleat,  
With the cooing of the dove,  
And the myriad signs of love.  
Should not my soul arise,  
To sing this paradise,  
That comes to fill the earth,  
As at first when it had birth,  
To rejoice as everything,  
That hath life in early spring?  
Can my spirit now be still,  
When each birdie sings his fill?  
I'll sing while I have breath  
And mine eyes be closed in death.



## Evening in Spring.

**T**HE mist is on the mountain,  
 The dew is on the plain,  
 The blackbird near is singing,  
 And I feel young again ;  
 The feathery birch is waving  
 Before the gentle gale,  
 The cuckoo's voice is calling  
 So softly in the vale ;  
 The primrose in the woodland,  
 The daisy on the lea,  
 Uplift their dewy cups,  
 All so fair to see ;  
 A troop of merry maidens  
 Is playing near at hand :  
 And whisp'reth every flower and leaf  
 Love through all the land,

## Ode

SUGGESTED BY SAD THOUGHTS AND EVENTS.

ONE day in the shining month of May,  
                                 I took my way,  
 All Nature then was glad and gay,  
 The birds sang joy on ev'ry tree,  
 The sweetest, softest melody :  
 And fain would I have sung with them,  
 Their sweet and gladsome morning hymn ;  
 But sad thoughts in my soul did rise  
     To cloud the cerulean skies  
     Of hope and joy. My steps were bent  
     To comfort hearts with sorrow rent :  
     It was the last sad day of all,  
     When forth would wend a funeral.

Then swift within my soul arose the thought,  
Shall Nature alway sing with gladsome voice  
When slowly, sadly to the grave is brought  
The dust of man? Shall earth and sea rejoice  
When he is laid in gloom

Within the darksome tomb?

Ah, yes! but why so sad when in immortal  
bloom

The soul, the better part, hath fled to realms of  
light,

To sing, to shine for ever where there is no  
night?

Thus lifted up my heart felt light again,  
And from sweet birds I took my strain:—

I would not detract from the little bird's song,  
When I'm beneath the sod;  
But have him sing out of his thankful heart  
His songs of praise to God.

I would have the blackbird to sing his lay,  
And the robin to pipe his tune;  
In spring-time the lambkins to frisk all day,  
And roses to bloom in June,

I would have rich grain on the corn-lands to  
    wave,  
And the reaper to sing his song ;  
The daisy, so meek, to flower on my grave  
    Through all the summer long.

For all Nature speaks God, and works His will  
    Through the dark and the shining years :  
His will—all things both life and death fulfil,  
    To find yet joy in tears.

To a Daisy.

**D**DAISY, meekest of the race,  
That e'er hath lifted flowery face,  
Or looked aloft with starry eye  
Into the boundless bright blue sky !

How fair thy form ! Thy heart of gold,  
The fairest queen of all the wold !  
Thy robes of snow and crimson-tipped,  
Thy mouth all rosy, dewy-lipped !

Each morn thou op'st thy fairy breast,  
Be-pearled with dew to golden East,  
And greet'st thy lord to thine embrace  
The live-long day with smiling face.

But when a darkling cloud doth hide  
His face, thou art a faithful bride ;  
Within thy raiment fold'st thy heart,  
To keep it safe from every dart.

Yet soon as e'er his Cupids glance,  
Upon thee in thy love-lorn trance,  
Thou op'st at once thine arms to him,  
With love's delight thy head doth swim.

Whene'er at eve he takes his way,  
Thou part'st from him with tears alway,  
And there they glisten in thine eye  
Till once again he shines on high.

To a Wild Rose—Eglantine.

**R**OSE of the forest, O flower of the wild !  
 O Nature's sweet nursling, O Nature's  
 sweet child !

Thou art fairer to me than all garden's fine gems,  
 That queen it so stately on bold jaunty stems.

Thou hold'st thee so meekly—no thought of  
 display—

And wav'st in the wind as it keeps holiday ;  
 Thou art alway in earnest, and simple as true,  
 And kissest the zephyr tho' fragrant with rue.

Thou laugh'st in the morning when sprinkled  
 with dew, .

And sheddest forth balm tho' inhaled by the few ;  
 Thou art coy as a maiden when kissed for the  
 first,

When the tear's in her eye and her soul all  
 athirst.

Thou art dear to the milk-maid, and pluck'd by  
the child,  
Adorning the bosom and matching lip mild ;  
Thou art loved by the lover, by him fondly  
pressed,  
As he bears thee a token to loved one addressed.

Thou art sought by the bride who blooms fair  
in June,  
To deck for the bridegroom in sweet honeymoon ;  
Thou art hailed by the aged who scent thee in  
tears,  
And heave a deep sigh for the thought of the  
years.

Thou art loved by the mourner, and placed in  
the bier  
Of "wee Doddie" or "Rosie," to bursting  
hearts dear,  
Who bloomed but a morning, fled to Christ as a  
gem,  
Thou art sweet as an emblem of meeting with  
them.



## Inspiration.

**H**IGH hold the banner,  
 Bear it on and on,  
 Let it ne'er be drooping,  
 Though your heart be lone ;  
 Stand to it truly,  
 Like a soldier brave,  
 See its motto golden,  
 " Brother men to save ! "

Hold it ever upward,  
 Higher and yet higher,  
 Till in the sunshine bright,  
 It seem to blaze on fire ;  
 Though faint with the conflict,  
 Yet o'er the mountains go,  
 Strength grows in climbing  
 Alpine steeps of snow !

Look ever heavenward,  
Never down below,  
Far into the blue sky,  
Let your glances go ;  
Wave the banner nobly  
In the fresh'ning breeze,  
Shout the cry of victory !  
Never let it cease !

Courage ! brother, courage !  
Do the right, the good !  
Never be disheartened  
In doing what you should ;  
Live in the present,  
Act with all your might,  
Fear not the future ;  
Do, for God and right !

“ Ilk Ane Maun Drec His Weird.”

—*Old Scotch Proverb.*

OH, this warld is fu' o' care,  
 O' warstlin' weary strife,  
 And ilk ane maun his burthen bear,  
 To keep this death in life ;  
 But yet there's something no' a' dark,  
 To cheer oor he'rt the while,  
 The song of robin or of lark,  
 Or love's sweet witchin' smile.

Cares oppress us in the day,  
 And fears the nicht may chase,  
 But sune doth come the mornin' gay  
 To brichten a' oor face,  
 We see the glorious mornin' sun,  
 Fresh frae his dewy bed,  
 Again we hear the brooklets run  
 An' sing the birds o'erhead.

Wi' the he'rt that feels nae joy,  
There's surely something wrang,  
For the greatest grief of man or boy  
Should yet rejoice ere lang.  
Dark clouds may turn the day to nicht,  
And make the glad earth mourn,  
But at "even-tide it may be licht,"  
Again may joy return.

Oh ! this warld is fu' o' strife,  
O' mickle dool and care,  
Wi' tossings to an' fro 'tis rife,  
Wi' mony a sin an' snare ;  
Yet nature sings o' joy an' hope,  
O Providence sae kind ;  
She bids men wi' their darkness cope,  
An' peace an' gladness find.

## Jubilee Ballad.

A ROBIN came late in the autumn, I ween,  
 And piped me a sang o' oor guid, noble  
 Queen ;

Sae trim did he look and sae clear blinked his e'e,  
 Ye couldna but ken 'twas the year o' Jubilee !

The mornin' was fine and fair, on a tree tap  
 He sang it oot clear o' a' things that did hap  
 In the last fifty year o' oor country and Queen,  
 Sin' they were the brichtest that e'er wad be  
 seen.

He sang o' her youth, o' her innocent mirth  
 Aroon' the bricht fire o' a guid father's hearth,  
 Beside the loved knee o' a mother in pray'r,  
 Wha in earnest besocht that God wad take care,

He sang o' her love in her early Queenhood,  
O' the dear, noble Prince whase he'rt she had  
    woo'd,  
O' lang happy days, fair daughters and sons,  
Though the highest of earth, taught as Christ's  
    little ones.

And then, ah! methought that a sadder note  
    came  
For a sudden dark cloud o'er the dear Royal  
    hame,  
That fell to wake up a hale nation in tears,  
And make a Queen-widow the rest o' the years.

But a mellower lilt seemed poured frae his throat  
As he stretched his bit neck and showed his red  
    coat,  
When he sang later days on a peacefu' throne,  
That maist feck made up for the years that  
    were gone.

Then tint he the strain and he winged his flicht  
high,  
Awa' in the blue o' the bricht peerless sky ;  
And I knew that a spirit had visited earth,  
To sing in the praise o' high honour and worth.

His sang was a triumph o'er sorrow and care  
By oor beloved Queen wha oor griefs a' doth  
share ;  
'Twas a sang o' Queenhood o'er conflict and  
tears,  
Whase echo will last thro' the numberless years !

## A Vision of War.

**O**H! a vision of war that hath crossed my  
 brain,  
 Hath shown me the curse that all nations doth  
 stain,  
 Hath filled me with hate as to demons of hell,  
 To the passions of men that in bloodshed doth  
 swell.

In a dream of the night I was driven afar  
 Where heard was the roar of all-ravenous war,  
 Where gaped the red jaws of the monsters of  
 death ;  
 And on mortals dealt ruin with each fiery breath.

In a lower abyss of hell's cave it seemed,  
 Air filled was with darkness, save forth when it  
 gleamed  
 Fire's flash, that so lurid and ghostly did glare  
 On the eye-balls of men that were fixed in despair.



And the groans of the dying were heard all  
around,  
Gushed forth as a stream their life-blood on the  
ground ;  
The shriek of the foemen was borne on the gale,  
As it pierced the loud thunder of carnage and  
wail.

There the young and the strong lay senseless  
and pale,  
Who late were in bloom in their own native dale,  
Who kissed their fond children and long-clinging  
wife  
At the call of fell *duty* to fall in the strife.

Oh ! a curse on the land whose ambition doth  
stir  
The kindling hate only fiends do admire !  
Oh God ! that fair earth should be deluged in  
blood  
In a reign of " Peace among men to them that  
will good ! " \*

\* St Luke, ii, 14,

The Porch of Heaven.

THERE stands a cottage by a stream, that  
winds down to the sea,  
Beneath the shadow of a bridge, which spans  
its silver tide,  
Like death that forms a passage 'tween time  
and eternity,  
And brings the souls of holy men to that  
fairer, brighter side.

Its walls are old and gray with age, yet ivy  
crowns the roof,  
Its floor of clay and rubble stones, its rafters  
bare and worn,  
But from its door is heard the sighing winds  
aloof  
In forest trees that wave in the freshening  
breeze of morn,

And the gurgling of the river falls softly on the  
ear

Like music from a far-off clime, it haunts as  
in a dream,

In which, with fond intentness, we list an angel-  
song to hear,

And far from sorrow of the earth we bask in  
Glory's beam.

Within upon a pallet lay Nature's strong son low,  
In beauty fading fast away like flowers in  
autumn day :

In sweet content he wasted, would at God's will  
stay or go,

And ne'er a murmur cross'd his lips to either  
yea or nay.

And what the trial he did bear to see his children  
run

About his bed in nakedness, with scanty daily  
bread !

But yet he trusted all to God, as the shield of  
every one

Who trusts in Him, like ravens which from  
day to day are fed.

So thus each day he waited, till the last sad trial  
came,

—It was the early morning when the birds  
begin to sing,

That an angel stooped and whispered, “Come  
now in Jesus’ name,”

Then his spirit sighed but once and went forth  
on seraph wing.

O passer by, bend lowly before this humble cot !  
Whether it be at early morn, or in the hush  
of even ;

Men bow before the lordly and the rich man’s  
happy lot :

Bend thou in rev’rence at this hut, it is the  
“Porch of Heaven !”

## The Poet's Reasonings.

AM I thinking of myself, how to gain a little  
pelf,

To raise a name and fame like the sound of a  
drum?

Would I sing my songs of health for the sake of  
mammon wealth,

And droop my wing in dust at the rich man's  
fee and fum?

Is there gold and gain up there, where the eagle  
soars in air,

Where the lark sings and wings in the grey  
dawn of morn?

Are there carriages and pairs at the top of angel  
stairs,

On that way 'tween earth and heaven, which  
the pure alone adorn!

Would a title mend the ill which the poet's soul  
doth thrill,

To see the wrong and strong lord it o'er the  
dumb !

Would the praise of nations loud wrap Injustice  
in her shroud,

Or quench the fire that burns within, so  
glaring and glum ?

Would a conquest of the earth redeem from  
bread the dearth,

Or take by name and fame the burthen from  
the worn ?

Would a crown of gold secure greater patience to  
endure

“ The whips and scorns of time ” to the weary  
and forlorn ?

Would all honour from all men beard the lion in  
his den,

And take the prey away from the tyrant's  
ravenous maw ?

Would a name thro' centuries down restore the  
world its crown

Of Righteousness and Peace to men 'neath  
Heaven's perfect law ?

Oh, no, no, the poet's soul must seek a higher  
goal,

And, free to fly on high, must pierce the Orient  
beam ;

He must battle for the right, put hell's legions  
all to flight,

And herald Heaven's dawning as earth's  
grandest far-off dream.

## Sweet Voices Calling.

FROM day to day I hear sweet voices calling  
 From gloom of earth to light beyond the  
 sky :

Their accents low and soft, like music falling  
 On evening's balmy breath when sleep is nigh.

And as I list to catch their echoes clearer,  
 Methinks I see bright spirits beck'ning me  
 To crystal spheres beyond the sun, and nearer  
 To God, who makes the pure breathe purity.

But if by vanity my life be tainted,  
 No more I hear these angel-voices call—  
 Their message, silver-tongued, comes but to the  
 sainted,  
 Whose robes are light, and like the snow in all.

Then, O my God, vouchsafe to me Thy Spirit,  
 To keep me pure, and lift my thoughts on high;  
 That while I walk this earth I may inherit  
 The peace of souls departed, yet so nigh.



Rondeau—To a Friend.

**F**RIEND of my heart ! I love thee well,  
 Deeper than thought or tongue may tell ;  
 The more I know, the more I love,  
 And this true friendship e'er doth prove,  
 From friendship bare to marriage bell.

Had I the rarest gems to sell  
 From Afric's sand or Indian dell,  
 To keep thy love with them I'd part :

Friend of my heart !

When far from thee by wood or fell,  
 My love's fount distance cannot quell  
 But like Artesian well doth dart  
 Forth into space to where thou art ;  
 And there by thee my thoughts impel,

Friend of my heart !

## The Guid Auld Days.

OH! for the guid auld days, the days that  
     will be nae mair,  
 When we played at "hide-and-seek" aboot oor  
     mither's chair ;  
 When we ran aboot the braes, and heard the  
     birdies sing,  
 And listened to the lark as he carolled on the  
     wing :

When we gaed to the schule, and played at  
     " hounds and hare,"  
 And thochtna o' oor tasks, but were free frae  
     ilka care ;  
 When we ran to the mill to see the water-  
     wheel,  
 And heard its music sweet as it ground the corn  
     to meal :

When we "paiddled in the burn and pu'd the  
gowans fine,"  
And fished wi' crookit preens and lang line o'  
hempen twine ;  
When we roamed the woods for nests and climbed  
ilk branchy tree ;  
For, e'en in spite o' breeks, we wad hae oor  
liberty :

When in Autumn time we ranged, and gathered  
hips and slaes,  
And socht for hazel nits in the jolly holidays ;  
When we roamed the moor oot ower and guddled  
in the burn,  
And never thocht o' life as a way wi' crookit turn :

And then cam' Hallowe'en, wi' its turnip can'le  
boats,  
Wi' its sooty faces and its auld turned hats and  
coats :  
When we burned oor nits in pairs and dookit for  
the apples,  
And warily tried oor luck wi' the saipy sapples :

When in winter time we row'd amang the frost  
and snaw,  
And peppered ilk ither up wi' aye anither ba',  
When we slid upon the ice wi' roarin' glee and  
fun,  
And wi' jolly irony ca'd ilka fa' "a bun!"

Oh! thae were the guid auld days, the seed-time  
o' oor year,  
That fill oor he'rts wi' love and oor e'en wi' mony  
a tear,  
As we mind the lessons noo aroon' oor mither's  
chair,  
And listen ower again to her fervent sigh and  
pray'r.

## Dying Mother to Daughter.

A HAPPY place lies yonder, dear, beyond  
the bright blue skies,  
In splendour greater than the sun, when he at  
morn doth rise,  
And death is but the darkened door, that opes  
to let us in,  
That frees us from our load of care, and shuts  
out all our sin.

And there the mountains stand around in awful  
majesty,  
Enrobed in dazzling whiteness seen as thrones of  
the Most High,  
While far around lies glimmering the sea of  
glassy sheen,  
That sings eternal harmonies, 'mid bowers of  
fadeless green.

And thousands of bright angels there do flit on  
golden wing,  
As through the balmy atmosphere they hie with  
love, and sing  
Of Him who dwells in rainbow light, and smiles  
on them with love,  
Who sent His Son to die for men that they  
might reign above.

And thither I am going, dear, if God will take  
me in,  
For His dear sake Who died on earth, our golden  
crown to win.  
And oh ! I pray our Father that He may bring  
thee too,  
That He may keep thee from all sin and give  
thee life anew.

Oh ! keep in mind, my darling, the place of  
happy bliss,  
Where never entereth anyone with stain from  
world like this ;  
And if you're tempted to do wrong, ask for the  
snow-white robe ;  
That you may walk the golden streets with them  
who never sob,

Kneel down beside me, darling, and I will pray  
for thee,  
Ere yet I go with angels, who are calling now for  
me,  
And I will bless thee from my heart, and ask the  
Lord to keep  
The lamb within His bosom who cares for all  
His sheep.

*(She prays.)*

Our Father in the heavens, we cry, our portion,  
Lord, art Thou,  
When in the needs of life and death we low before  
Thee bow ;  
Look down in mercy on my child, to Thee I her  
commend,  
And when no mother is anear, Thy guardian  
angels send.

The streets of gold, our Father, the streets of  
gold are Thine,  
And Thine the peaceful river that radiantly doth  
shine ;  
Thine too the golden city thro' which it e'er doth  
flow,  
And Thine the pearly walls and gates that sainted  
ones do know,

And if Thy mercy take me in to walk with Thee  
in white,  
I pray Thee round my darling shed an aureole of  
light,  
That o'er the desert path of earth she may in  
safety go,  
And stand at last before Thy throne in robes as  
white as snow.

I lift her on my heart to thee. Oh! keep from  
sin and shame,  
That from this day she may be Thine in word  
and deed and name;  
I weep for her, but rest in Thee, let me depart in  
peace :  
Again the angels call on me ; let all my  
troublings cease !



### The Brooklet.

I TOOK my way across the moor,  
And what did I there see ?  
I saw a brooklet merrily dance  
Away through bog and lea.

I said—"Your prospect is not good,  
What madness can it be  
That makes you leap like that with mirth  
On to the dark, dark sea ?

"And what is this I hear you sing  
And prattle in your glee,  
Like child amid the flowers in spring,  
So happy and so free ?

"How can you sing amid the wild,  
So desolate and lone ?  
How can you dance with lightsome heart,  
From senseless stone to stone ?

“How can you shine with radiant gleam,  
Like bright pearls in a row,  
And rival heaven’s resplendent light  
Where you cannot hope to show?

“I’m weary with my darkened lot,  
And hushed is all my song;  
Life is too drear a moor for me:  
Can’st tell me of my wrong?

“Can’st tell me of thy secret power  
’Mid moors so dark and cold?  
Can’st give me of thy secret joy—  
A joy that was of old?”

The brooklet murmured on in glee,  
And gladly sang at even:  
“Look up! look up! as I do now,  
Look up! into the heaven!”

# I Know a Brook.

I KNOW a brook 'mid moorlands wild,  
 That prattles as a little child  
 In first step of its way :

And there it glances in the sun,  
 Past bog and heather, black and dun,  
 And skips the live-long day.

For there the lark doth tune his lay,  
 When Nature all seems glad and gay,  
 And sorrow's not at hand.

And little lambkins frisk and play  
 By brook and bog, as lively fay  
 Skips o'er her willow wand :

Where all men with their doubts and fears,  
And women with their pearly tears,  
Come ne'er within the view.

But heaven with its smiling face  
Its every lineament can trace—  
The brook with mirror true.

To the Moon.

MOON ! that brav'st the skies in winter  
storms,

And sailest like a saint in snowy white !

O Lady ! chaste and meek, grant thy sweet  
power ;

Shed down thy peace as thou dost shed thy  
light !

O Queen of heaven ! so gentle and so mild,  
That show'st thy beauty in the starry skies !

O look around thee and give us reply,  
Is there a sphere where beauty never dies ?

O Luna ! bright and calm in placid night,  
And red like maiden's blush on autumn eve,  
Is there a region far beyond thy light,  
Where mortals wake to love and not to  
grieve ?

## To the Same.

MOON ! that mount'st into the sky,  
 And show'st a beauty ne'er can die !  
 I love thee for thy shining face,  
 I love thee for thy silent grace,  
 That nightly, like a lady bright,  
 Floods heaven and earth with gentle light ;  
 I love thee as thou light'st the way  
 O'er moorland waste and billowy bay,  
 And sav'st the sailor or the wight,  
 Whose life would else descend in night ;  
 I love thee as thou tell'st a tale  
 Of skipping fairies in the dale,  
 Or witches riding through the air,  
 Or gentle youth or maiden fair,  
 Who walk in secret converse meet,  
 Or whisper love on rustic seat ;  
 I love thee as thou lift'st the eye  
 To fairer worlds up in the sky,  
 And mak'st Imagination wing  
 Her flight on high, and poets sing  
 Of regions where thy placid peace  
 Will reign o'er all and never cease !

## Ode on Christmas Day.

**T**HIS is the morn,  
 That Christ our King was born,  
 Ye winds, that sigh and wail,  
 Change now your doleful tale !  
 Ye waves, that beat and roar  
 With anger on the shore,  
 Make still your dreadful noise,  
 And speak with murm'ring voice !  
 Ye streams, that from the hills  
 Trip down in gladsome rills,  
 Sing on, sing on, in joy  
 The sweet babe's lullaby !  
 Ye hills, the heavens that kiss,  
 Enwrapt in robes of bliss,  
 Chant with the angel choir,  
 Touched with celestial fire,  
 Heaven's grandest symphony  
 And sweetest harmony !  
 Ye spheres, that roll in space,  
 Rejoice and yield your praise !

Your Maker came to grace  
This world as central place ;  
Henceforth ye will combine  
To let your light so shine,  
That it may fall on earth  
Which gave your Author birth !  
Ye things that creep and fly  
Lift up your voice on high !  
Ye warblers on the bough,  
Give all your triumph now !  
But chiefly thou, O man !  
Lead on the choir and van  
Of praise that swells on high  
To thy Saviour in the sky ;  
'Twas for thee He came to die,  
Raise, raise aloft life's melody !



## Somebody's Funeral.

HEAR the tramping of marching feet,  
 Echoing hollow along the street,  
 While heedless passers hurry and meet  
 Somebody's funeral!

How slowy, slowly they move away  
 To the churchyard, in the twilight grey  
 Of a dark and dull December day,  
 Like a natural pall!

Is it the babe from its mother's breast,  
 Away from its soft and downy nest,  
 Away to take its long, long rest?  
 Somebody's funeral!

Or is it a maiden in her prime,  
 Nipped like the bud before her time,  
 To bloom in a calm and softer clime?  
 And was it a *sudden* call?

Or haply the mother is silent there—  
Those fervent lips oft moved in prayer  
For her loved ones in motherly care ?  
    Ah, somebody's funeral !

Or 'chance it may be a father strong,  
Or the little lad who would ere long  
Have sought to fight with evil and wrong  
    Pays the common debt of all.

Whoe'er it be, there are hearts that grieve,  
Who sob and cry on this winter eve,  
Who bear a sorrow with *no reprieve*  
    For somebody's funeral !

## An Evening Walk.

**I** TOOK my walk at eventide,  
 A gentle boy was by my side ;  
 We climbed the hill in sweet commune  
 Like sun and stars that keep in tune ;  
 Our converse was of many things,  
 As youth will talk as if on wings ;  
 He made me feel that I knew nought  
 Of problems that a child hath sought  
 To know, and that to higher height  
 His purer imagings had flight,  
 Than ever man's care-loaded mind  
 Round airy pinnacles could wind.  
 Like silv'ry gossamers as light,  
 Like dewdrop pearls our talk as bright,  
 Of school and friends and dogs and sheep,  
 Of hornéd moon and stars that peep,  
 Of snow and ice, and moss and hills,  
 Of winding roads and tinkling rills ;  
 And when at length the setting sun  
 Had run his race at morn begun,

He tinged the clouds and hills with gold,  
Our speech of higher things grew bold :  
Of sunsets in their ev'ry hue,  
Of rainbow 'gainst the azure blue,  
Of western parts where stars 'gan shine  
Like silver from Peruvian mine ;  
Of clouds that in their myriad forms  
Are moulded by the calms and storms  
To likenesses of earth and heaven ;  
As hills or rills, or waves or graves,  
As golden hair, or angel stair,  
As rugged rocks in mountain blocks,  
As ship in sail, or North Sea whale,  
As wingèd steed, or tiger dread,  
As Polar bear, or eagle rare,  
As maiden mild, or little child,  
As giant grim, or angel dim.  
Then "once," the youth recorded too,  
"He watched the clouds in sea of blue  
Part upward into wondrous shape,  
The one side like a mighty cape—  
Into the ocean far it went—  
The other like a monument  
Built for a giant warrior bold,  
But soon it faded in the gold  
Of sunset as it ne'er had been,  
Save that by him it had been seen !"

O wondrous youth of heavenly mould,  
That looketh for the port of gold  
Through which ye lately came to earth,  
A fresh young spirit at your birth !  
What wondrous things ye can reveal,  
That nought on earth else can unseal,  
For heaven lies open to your gaze  
By simple faith and sweet amaze !  
Ye see the cherubs fly as wind,  
The great white Throne, the radiant Mind  
Who sits thereon in glory bright,  
And clothes the heavens and earth with light !  
Alas ! that years should blind our eyes,  
And break from us those heavenly ties  
That lift us from a world of care,  
And make us see those visions fair.  
“ Heaven lies about us in our infancy ” \*  
Hath well been sung, for heaven is near,  
And youth doubts not, but sees it clear,  
In sunshine bright, in sky of blue,  
In stars that let the glory through ;  
While men, who drive their weary round,  
See nought of wonder in the bound  
Of earth or sky : life seems a breath,  
A struggling up the steep of Death !

\* Wordsworth's " Ode to Immortality."

Earth is a star—each star a world,  
By mighty force through chaos hurled !  
By law the floods sweep to the sea :  
“ Is life not electricity ? ”  
Wonder hath passed ; the heavens are fled ;  
The loving God of youth is dead.  
Thus Science false leads man to gloom,  
To darkness deeper than the tomb,  
When all his wisdom can but show  
How poor is all that he may know.  
Only a little child may come  
Within the courts of heaven's bright home ;  
And here on earth 'tis he may learn  
The most that man with toil may earn :  
In Nature's pure and open book  
He reads with ease a Father's look !

To Joy.

O JOY! fair nymph of the world,  
 With sweet face and hair uncurled,  
 With kindling eye and restless mien,  
 With glancing gems and robe of green,  
 Maiden coy and fancy free,  
 Named of old Euphrosyne :  
 Daughter of the gods above,  
 Offspring of eternal Jove ;  
 Born with sister graces—three—  
 Born of fair Eurynome !  
 Let me follow thy light trip,  
 As o'er the mountains thou dost skip  
 To highest peak of Alpine throne,  
 Where thou reignest queen alone,  
 To view the sun-god from his car  
 Shoot out with gold the eastern star,  
 To watch the summits rosy red,  
 Like blood-red shields with silver wed,  
 To see the fair and silent land  
 Stretch away to ocean sand,

With rivers in their courses long,  
Catching up the brooklet's song,  
And smooth lakes in silver sheen  
Reposing in their beds of green.  
Then with thee descend I will  
To the rustic peasant mill,  
Where the stream goes purling by,  
And sweet singing birds do fly  
Here and there from tree to tree,  
Making mildest melody :  
Where the daughter of the place  
Leads out the cows and goats to graze,  
Singing, dreaming all the while  
Of her lover by the stile,  
Who last night had vowed that he  
True to her would ever be.  
Then onward with thee I would go  
Down the river soft and slow,  
Through the forest's pleasant shade,  
Through the glen and gleaming glade,  
To the meadow's wid'ning plain,  
Green and soft with dew and rain,  
Where the sun shines warm each day,  
And sweet smells the new-mown hay,  
Which the peasants gladly pile,  
Singing songs of love the while ;  
Where the children run and play,



Gath'ring flow'rs the livelong day—  
Buttercups and daisies bright,  
Emblems of their pure delight ;  
And at noon retire we will  
To the grove beneath the hill,  
Where the sunshine softly plays  
On green leaves on summer days ;  
There sweet maidens in a trance  
Love to skim in giddy dance,  
With their lovers on the green,  
On whose arms they gently lean,  
While the music softly floats,  
Vieing with the liquid notes  
Of the song-birds on the trees,  
Swaying in the zephyr breeze.  
Then, when ev'ning spreads her veil,  
And a glory fills the dale,  
With thee I'd seek the lowly cot,  
That the gay world knoweth not,  
Standing sweetly by a stream  
Like a place within a dream—  
Roses round its arching door,  
Mirrored in the glassy floor  
Of the brooklet as it glides  
Singing round two other sides—  
There, within, a happy pair,  
Altogether free from care,

Teach their little one to run,  
While two others watch the fun,  
And the baby laughs and crows,  
As he from one to th' other goes.  
Then when moonlight all doth charm,  
With thee I'd climb up to the farm  
'Mid the tall elm trees that sway  
In the wind near ruins gray—  
Where of old the monks did dine,  
And sipped the best Castalian wine,  
While at eve their "aves" said  
As they tumbled into bed—  
There to-night the ingle's bright,  
And each room is all alight ;  
For the bridegroom comes to claim  
His bride, the eldest of the name,  
Sprung from that hale thrifty pair,  
Who sit in each corner chair,  
By the fire on parlour hearth,  
With sweet and grave thoughts taking birth,  
As they muse on bygone years,  
Through a rising mist of tears :  
While the bride is now arrayed  
In her chamber with her maid,  
Who admires her modest grace,  
And the sweetness of her face ;  
Till she hear the bridegroom's voice

To make her trembling heart rejoice ;  
When her father comes to set  
His pearl in its seat of jet,  
Sparkling as the dewy morn  
(East or west she would adorn !)  
Forth she sails like ship on sea,  
Away into infinity  
Of a love that must be tried  
By long years while side by side,  
Both with joy and sorrow fraught,  
With many a care and vexing thought ;  
But gladly doth she give her trust  
(Until death dissolve to dust  
All that's mortal of her here)  
To him she loves and loves so dear :  
So at last they're made as one,  
And the pearly tear hath shone  
On her cheek as bride and wife  
When she sealed her fate for life,  
Whisp'ring faint her troth "I do :"  
Ah, may it never be to rue !  
Then come feasting and the dance,  
When Love shoots his ev'ry lance  
Into hearts of tender mould  
That have never known the cold  
Of the world or falsehood's wiles,  
That meek innocence beguiles ;

No, but all are happy there,  
As they lightly skip in air,  
Like the lambkins on the wild,  
In the balmy spring-time mild,  
Their hearts are light as light can be  
At the joyous minstrelsy.  
Then with thee I'd homeward go  
To the cottage sweet and low,  
By the river's gushing brim,  
By the side of forest dim ;  
Where sweet song-birds sing and 'light  
From rosy morn till dewy night :  
There the garden's trim and nice,  
With apple-blossom for sweet spice,  
And flowers in their every hue,  
Bending down with pearly dew.  
Then within is chief delight  
When the ingle's blazing bright,  
And a loving one is near,  
That can smile and that can bear  
With the foible, with the fear,  
And rejoices all to hear.  
There the lamp is trimly lit  
And for hours we snugly sit,  
Reading 'loud or talking long  
Of the great who loved a song—  
Milton sublime or Robert Burns,

Shakespeare and many more by turns.  
And haply when the couch is near,  
Thy sister Grace may draw a tear  
From the fount of David's spring,  
And brush it off upon thy wing ;  
Or, soaring higher, yet may find  
Some better thing e'en to thy mind.  
Such, O Joy, is thine to give  
To all who chaste and rightly live !

## The Mitherless Bairns.

O H, waes me, the nicht I sit doon and greet  
 For the mitherless bairns in the cot by the  
       moor,  
 Sae mony that scarce ken their han's frae their  
       feet,  
 Wha rumble and tumble in play on the floor !

Ah ! the wee things they kenna the loss they've  
       had,  
 They think that their mither may come back  
       again ;  
 The shadow hath passed—why should they be  
       sad ?  
 Is not the sky blue after dark, drenching rain ?

I met a wee maid as I went on my way,  
 And she smiled a sad smile as she looked in  
       my face ;  
 Then said she sae simply, “ My mother is dead ! ”  
 And turned down her eyes in a watery haze.

I strok'd her fair cheek, and spoke out my grief,  
And told how I pitied ; that God would take  
care

Of the mitherless bairns :—but I had to be brief,  
As a lump in my throat choked my utterance  
there.

Then at the doorstep I met a wee lad,  
Wha used to be roguish and full of fine glee,  
With a serious face that kenned to be sad—  
Said he “Mother's dead” in tones of mystery.

Ah ! little he kenned, the puir little man,  
The frien' he had lost he never would find—  
The frien' that nursed him when his small life  
began,  
Had left him and all for ever behind.

The faither in anguish knows not what to do,  
When he looks on his helpless bit bairns by  
the fire,  
But silent tears start like a fountain anew,  
That tell a sad tale of the heart's strong desire.

Oh, waes me the nicht, I sit doon and greet,  
For the mitherless bairns in the cot by the  
moor ;  
And on my soul rises a prayer to God's feet,  
That He would protect the mitherless poor.



## Shall we Seek a Home ?

SHALL we seek a home on earth's fair glade,  
 'Mid bowers of green that bloom and fade,  
 Where waters murmur to the sea,  
 And sing the sweetest lullaby ?

Shall we seek a home on island fair,  
 Where scarce may come a breath of care,  
 Where is no voice of weeping heard  
 To mock the thrill of singing bird ?

Shall we seek a home on yon bright land  
 Across the sea on golden strand,  
 Where summer never comes nor goes,  
 Where is no frost nor winter snows ?

Shall we seek a home 'neath Southern skies,  
 Where groves of palm and citron rise ;  
 And balmy spices on the breeze  
 Are wafted far o'er summer seas ?

Or shall we seek a home more near,  
Deep in the glen where mountains rear  
Their lofty heads 'mid wreathing clouds,  
Like giant forms in snowy shrouds ?

O love, it matters not where'er  
We make our home, for there will care  
Our footsteps track, and grief will come,  
Though love should ever dwell at home.

But, far above these realms of light,  
There is a land where is no night,  
Where never comes a grief nor care :  
O love we'll make our home up there !

# I'd Rather.

I'D RATHER be a lark and sing  
 Far up upon the wing,  
 Than man, who crawls upon the sod,  
 And never praises God.

I'd rather be a butterfly  
 And fall when night is nigh,  
 Than be a giddy son of time  
 To reel at midnight chime.

I'd rather be a dog, and bay  
 The moon at shut of day,  
 Than creeping unchaste subtle thief,  
 Who steals out virtue's leaf.

I'd rather be a mole and scrape  
 'Neath earth for grub or tape,  
 Than miser 'mid his heaps of gold,  
 With heart all frozen cold.

I'd rather be a cuckoo bird  
To be by lovers heard,  
Than he who never keeps his word  
To man or to his Lord.

## The Loch o' Dee.

**T**HERE is a loch among the hills  
 Not far remote from silv'ry Cree ;  
 It sparkles in an emerald cup,  
 The bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

How grand the mountains lift on high  
 Their cloud-capped heads in giant glee ;  
 While at their feet in dreamland sleeps  
 The bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

And when the sun doth tinge the east,  
 And wake the humming of the bee ;  
 He glows on every wavelet's rim  
 On bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

Then all the rills down from the hills  
 In silver sheen trip glad and free,  
 And come to kiss in laughing bliss  
 The bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee,

The angler in his happiest mood  
Doth wade the water to the knee ;  
Or from a boat beguiles fair trout  
In bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

And nigh doth stand a lowly cot—  
Within dwell wife and bairnies three ;  
While love doth reign in humble hearts  
By bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

O welcome is the traveller there,  
By worrying toil and folk let be,  
To eat and drink, and spend the night  
On bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

Away flee thought and black, black care,  
Like Gadarean herd to sea,  
When he roams or angles on the shore  
O' bonnie, bonnie Loch o' Dee.

To the Robin.

**O** DAINTY little robin,  
Singing on the spray,  
Wak'ning all the echoes  
Of joy the live-long day ;

When the morn is bright and fair,  
Robin, thou art glad ;  
But if 'tis wet and drear,  
Then, birdie, thou art sad.

When thou sing'st a cheery note,  
'Tis a song of heaven,  
Of joy above, peace on earth—  
Peace of a soul forgiven.

Thou seem'st to me an angel  
Of humanity,  
Pensive in thy sorrow,  
Bearing us sympathy.

O, dainty little robin,  
Sing thy simple lay,  
Thou teachest man to sing  
Praise for an endless day.



## Evening in Winter.

THE curtain folds around us now  
As softly as the falling snow,  
But yet 'tis tinged with sunset glow,  
And kisseth gently earth's fair brow.

As softly falls the downy sleep,  
Upon our eyelids on our bed,  
That sleep and death seem almost wed ;  
It is so calm ; it is so deep !

As softly folds our Father's arm  
Around his child from morn till eve ;  
We feel it not, yet it doth weave  
Its length around to keep from harm !

## April.

(FOR A YOUNG FRIEND.)

APRIL makes the birds to sing,  
Some in wood and some on wing ;  
Little lark mounts up on high  
To the gates of heaven's blue sky ;  
Little robin in the grove  
Sings a pensive song of love ;  
Little sparrow on the wall  
Chirps as if he ne'er would fall ; \*  
Little shelfa on a tree  
Twirls his roundelay in glee ;  
And the blackbird in the bush  
Rivals the sweet singing thrush.

\* Matthew x., 29,

April makes the flowers to bloom  
As if winter had no tomb,  
Little primrose in the dell  
Smiles and gives a fragrant smell ;  
Little daisy on the lea  
Droops her head in modesty ;  
Roses round the cottage door  
Bud with hedge and hawthorn hoar ;  
Buttercups in meadows gay  
Spring to greet the morning ray ;  
And the rain and sunshine come  
To make earth a flowery home.

April makes the lambs to bleat,  
While they run with nimble feet ;  
Some on hillside far from fold,  
Some on meadow green and gold ;  
Some—the little orphan lambs,  
That have known no other dams  
Than the maid and wife at farm,  
Who securely keep from harm,  
Give the needed milk from pail,  
While they wag their curly tail—  
Yard and field and hill are rife  
With such signs of joyous life,

April makes the children play  
In the woods and meadows gay ;  
Gather flowers and chase the bee,  
Or recline on grassy lea ;  
Makes the boys to hunt in zest  
For each little birdie's nest,  
Or to fish in burnie clear  
With what fish have nought to fear ;  
Then the sower casts the seed  
For the rich and poor man's need,  
And the life of all the earth  
Joins in songs of praise and mirth !

## Ode to the Lark.

**O** LARK, that gaily sing'st aloft,  
 Far up within the bright blue sky,  
 That soarest ever at the gate  
 Of heaven to rival its sweet minstrelsy !  
 What spirit is within thy breast,  
 As upward from the earth thou mount'st ?  
 Upward from out thy dewy nest,  
 Thou pourest forth that flood of song,  
 Like mountain torrent pure and strong,  
 Unending in its rushing down  
 From rock to rock, from pool to pool,  
 To ocean of infinity !  
 What air of heav'n is in thy strain,  
 As far from sorrow thou dost fly,  
 Each note the sweeter, as from stain  
 Of earth thou mount'st into the sky,  
 Singing and soaring, soaring and singing,  
 " With all the heavens about thee ringing !"  
 What heart may listen to thy lay  
 From out the cloud of rainbow hue,

And not be purer and more gay,  
Like dust-stained flow'rs refreshed with dew ?  
What soul that's crusted round with care  
Or darkened with ingratitude,  
May longer live in dread despair,  
Or fail to praise the God he should,  
When shamed with thy mad-thankful mood ?  
O thou joyful praising creature !  
Shall I name thee bird or spirit ?  
Thou hast so divine a nature  
Like no other thing on earth—  
A spirit of immortal birth  
Longing to embrace the heaven ;  
And, so like man's fretting soul,  
Which would seek an endless goal !  
But alas, in vain !  
Thou dost descend again,  
When wearied with thy song to weary men ;  
To earth thou must return,  
Tho' with fire thy bosom burn ;  
Too weak thy strength, too short thy strain,  
That thou the pearly gate should'st gain,  
To join the heavenly choristers,  
Who hymn immortal praise.  
But thou must rest within thy nest  
Again a little while,  
Once more undaunted to beguile

Men's hearts from earthly cares and fears,  
With thy soaring and thy singing,  
To win from his soul's fount the tears,  
To teach him that his doom is *not* to die,  
But with thee to live, to sing for ever in the  
sky.

# Mary — A Ballad.

## THE PEASANT'S LAMENT.

SWEET smells the clover on the lea,  
 And sweet the new-mown hay,  
 And blythe the larks sing in the cloud,  
 All bringing back a day,  
 When love's fire leapt within my breast,  
 And made me sing for joy,  
 Subdued by fear, lest it might prove  
 A pleasure that would cloy.

Down by the river's gentle sweep,  
 A mill stood in the sun,  
 And there one ev'ning passing by,  
 I saw a maiden run  
 Across the courtyard to a cot,  
 Bright mirrored in the wave,  
 And as she ran she glanced at me :  
 What was that look she gave ?



Like arrow from young Cupid's bow,  
Her look shot through my heart,  
The ev'ning seemed to redden,  
And fog-clouds all depart ;  
The clover smelt yet sweeter,  
And roses blushed anew,  
I wandered on in Dreamland,  
On eagle wings I flew.

My dream of life had opened all  
Like rose-bud full in June—  
All Nature sang in harmony,  
As chords in sweetest tune ;  
I knew then what I longed for once  
With deep yet senseless pain,  
Though felt howe'er so vaguely  
Was not meant to be in vain.

Ere long I saw my sweet Mary,  
And she shyly welcomed me,  
And though no word of love she spoke,  
It was no mystery.  
Then months of happiness flew by,  
As if on angel wing,  
But, haply, it was far too sweet  
For it to have no sting.

For, days of darkness came full soon  
That brought an awful woe :  
Oh, why should man be left to mourn  
If Love inflict the blow ?  
Why doth the blue sky dip in sea—  
That dark and leaden flood ?  
And why the bloom of love be checked,  
And nipped while in the bud ?

Her parents and a sister dear,  
And brother, one by one,  
Were borne away by early death,  
And she was left alone.  
But though her faith was firm and true,  
And hope was anchored sure,  
She pined in heart and outward health,  
While nothing seemed to cure.

She pined because the blow was great,  
Far greater than she knew ;  
She sickened like a tender flower,  
Though brave, and warm, and true :  
And though I cheered her with my love,  
It seemed to be in vain :—  
Her spirit drooped as doth a flower  
Beneath a drenching rain :

And with the sorrow of her soul,  
The rose upon her cheek  
Had faded and become like snow  
Upon an Alpine peak :  
And then anon a hectic flush  
Did burn hot like live coal,  
As if the body would become  
The window of her soul,

And speak of love too strong to live  
In tenement of clay,  
That, looking out from prison bars,  
Doth break to heaven away :  
And waiting there the treasure here,  
With God content to rest,  
Till mortal take immortal bloom,  
And fold him to her breast.

\* \* \* \*

Ah ! now within the grave she lies :  
She hath left me here to weep,  
And though the clover smelleth sweet,  
I long with her to sleep ;

Tho' larks do wing their flight to heaven,  
And thrill with joy divine,  
I fain would fly, beyond the sky—  
My song with hers combine.



SONNETS AND SHORT POEMS.





## SONNETS AND SHORT POEMS.



### Speak Softly.

**S**PEAK softly to me, for the day is done,  
And silence fits the restful hour of night ;  
Speak calmly to me, for the fight is won,  
Though much be lost in trying to do right.  
And when the weight of armour is laid past,  
And the tired body racked with pain or fret,  
I need the softly-spoken word at last,  
To take away vain worry or regret.  
Speak softly to me, and bring angels near,  
From out the blue heaven wafted silently,  
And let our converse be 'tween souls so dear,  
As fitting beings of eternity.  
Speak softly, then, for heaven is in the air,  
And I would breathe the atmosphere of pray'r.

## A Summer Sabbath Eve.

THIS eve was peaceful as an angel's dream,  
While softly fanned our brow a zephyr  
breeze ;  
The earth and flowers were bathed in golden  
gleam,  
And birds sang praise on wing and on the trees ;  
The faintest sound from far as music sweet  
Was heard upon the balmy air, and all  
Was still, as if departed souls would meet  
Their risen bodies at the trumpet's call.  
Such peace of Nature speaks of peace within,  
When storm and tempest are for ever past,  
When we have triumphed o'er our doubt and sin,  
And anchored in the love of God at last.  
Oh, could we enter into this sweet peace,  
Heaven would be here, and we would find release !



## Morning.

FRESH springs the morn from out the saffron  
east,

And blushes, like a maiden in her prime,  
Chasing away the vapour and the rime,  
That night doth spread as banquet cloth at feast  
Of star-gods, and spirit-nymphs of yore,  
Who start to life in ancient Grecian lore ;  
And sparkles on each blade of grass the dew,  
As countless pearls upon the youthful breast  
Of fairest lady on a couch at rest,  
While flow'rs awake to greet the morn anew ;  
And hark ! within the grove are heard the  
notes

Of myriad choristers whose liquid throats  
Pour forth a flood of song. The peasant hears,  
When fresh from sleep for labour he appears.

### Evening.

**T**HE ev'ning calm comes stealing o'er me now,  
 And musing deep I feel its soothing breath,  
 As balm upon the soul, or flowery wreath  
 That lightly sits upon the victor's brow ;  
 And o'er the west is shed a glorious light,  
 As if to herald the goddess of the night :  
 The labourer quits his toil, and hastens home  
 With weary step, but pleasant beaming face ;  
 His task is done and soon he will embrace  
 The little ones, who watch till father come :  
 Within the house the tidy mother sits  
 Expectant in the fire-light's ruddy glow,  
 While through the casement moon and stars  
     do show  
 Their silv'ry light on this sweet scene as well  
     befits.

## Address to Screel.

A MOUNTAIN IN GALLOWAY.

① SCREEL ! that lift'st thy head up to the  
sky,

And look'st abroad upon a lovely world,  
Save when thy rugged peak around is curled  
With mist or cloud ; how do I long that I  
Might dwell in region of thy sov'reign air  
Within the blue, all free from wordly care !  
Through endless ages thou hast stood the same  
And looked across the ocean's ceaseless tide,  
And heard its roar and murmur 'neath thy  
side

Before that puny man possessed a name ;  
And yet thou stand'st, unshaken to remain  
In purple robes, till he be nought again :  
Emblem of thine Almighty Maker thou,  
Who is a Rock before whom all must bow !

To the Same on Leaving Galloway.

**O** GLORIOUS mountain ! I must leave thee  
now,

No more to gaze upon thy rocky brow,  
No more to watch the fleecy clouds float o'er  
Thy craggy steeps, nor see the eagle soar  
Above thy top up to the pearly gate  
Of heaven, where bright wingèd angels wait  
To kiss away the tears of those who leave  
With saddened face the friends on earth who  
grieve.

No more I'll hear the lark trill forth his lay  
Beneath thy side, nor throstle wake the day,  
The curlew wail in swooping circles driven,  
Nor ocean swell around thy rocks once riven  
By ceaseless tide : I leave thee far behind,  
But *never* will I leave thee out of mind !

## Address to Spring.

**O** COME now, gentle Spring, O come again,  
And soothe me with thy softly patt'ring  
rain !

Come with the lambkin's merry frisk and bleat,  
The blackbird's song piped from his thorn-tree  
seat,

The waking thrush at morn with mellow notes,  
As e'er were poured through tiny feathered  
throats.

Come with the crocus and the daisy bright,  
The spreading leaves from winter's dreary night,  
The purling brook that hurries to the sea,  
The sprouting grass, the lark that sings in glee,  
The humming bee, the butterfly in gold,  
And ev'ry secret influence in the mould,  
That from dark death to life doth work anew,  
And show that God doth keep His promise true.

## Spring.

THE breath of Spring blows sweet again like  
balm,

A stirring of the birds is in the trees,  
A motion of the mould by flowers agrees  
With that above, to sing a joyful psalm  
Of wak'ning life, that springs from Winter's calm;  
In babbling joy the brook runs to the seas,  
And almost in my ear I hear the bees,  
That sip the sweets all day without a qualm.  
O Life, how strange that comes from out the night  
Of death, to move to joy that lasts an hour!  
How may we know the secret of thy light  
And love, that bloom like amaranthine flower?  
Art thou like spring that fadeth while yet bright,  
Or something that reveals eternal Power?

*Summer.*

☞ SUMMER ! with thy garish day and flowers,  
Thy leafy trees and many honied bowers,  
I welcome thee from winter of my heart ;  
Thou bid'st each care and fear from me depart.  
For back the days of youth again return  
With thee, and we no more in sadness mourn :  
Again we wander in the meadows gay,  
With tiny feet to pluck the flowers in May ;  
And from the grass the lark mounts up on high  
To sing his carol in the bright blue sky ;  
The hours fly past, like to an angel's dream,  
Or flitting butterfly, or murm'ring stream ;  
Nor care, nor fear doth o'er the spirit rise,  
O Summer, in thy realm of paradise !

## Autumn.

① AUTUMN! with thy golden sheaves and  
heath

Of brown and purple on the mountain side ;  
Thou shedd'st thy glory with each passing  
breath

In fruit and flowers and leaves o'er landscape  
wide ;

With plenty thou dost fill thy horn, to pour

It forth into the lap of mother earth ;

And silently thou stealest through the door

Of Time, like child that knows not of his birth :  
How full of gladness dost thou fill the heart

Of man, as he thy bounty well receives !

And pensive sadness, too, thou giv'st in part

Through token of life's changes in the leaves

That rustle on the ground. O may we bear

The fruits of Autumn, when our leaves are sear !



### Sunset.\*

LORD, Thou hast deigned to let Thy glory  
thro'

At even upon this death-doomed earth of ours ;  
Betwixt the bars of thunder cloud each hue,

Each colour in the rainbow gem, like flow'rs  
Besprinkled on the coffin of a saint,

Glowed out upon the western sky so bright,  
That it would baffle all faint words to paint,

What seemed to be like heaven and heaven's  
light.

The glory brought back mem'ry of a day,

When tidings dark had wrapt my soul in night,  
But in desponding mood upon my way

The clouds of eve were gilded in my sight :  
I blessed Thee, Lord ; my heart gave praise anew,  
That in the night of death Thou lett'st Thy  
glory through.

\* 13th October, 1885.

## A Sunset.\*

A WAY from whir of man and buzz of brain  
 I fled up to the hill in evening light :  
 And O the glory that did flood my sight—  
 The glory of the sunshine after rain,  
 To which no word nor brush could e'er attain  
 To give conception of the radiance bright,  
 The sun cast backward in his wheeling flight,—  
 Though bard or painter should be e'er so fain.  
 The moon was green, and clouds were red and  
 chrome,  
 The purple in their heavier forms did change  
 To grey in fading light; each breath I drew  
 Transformed, kaleidoscope-like, heaven's vast  
 dome,  
 As if the Heavenly Limner did arrange  
 It all on purpose, to show old things new.

\* *In April, 1887.*

## Barrow.

THOU green vale, that wind'st thro' purple hills,

I greet thee from afar with yearning heart,  
I wait with hope the day I'll see thy rills,

That echo music soft in ev'ry part—  
The music of a bygone age of song,

That thrills to ecstasy or wakes to weep—  
Adown thy steeps the fairies trooped along,

And plunged into thy thickets dark and deep.  
Here piped "The Shepherd" soft his rustic lay,  
And "The Last Minstrel" sang in Newark  
tower

The deeds of chivalry at shut of day

To ladies gay, and Duchess in her bower.  
Thy charms of song, thy charms of rustic scene,  
I'd paint for ever in eternal green.

## Cora Linn.

(FALLS OF CLYDE.)

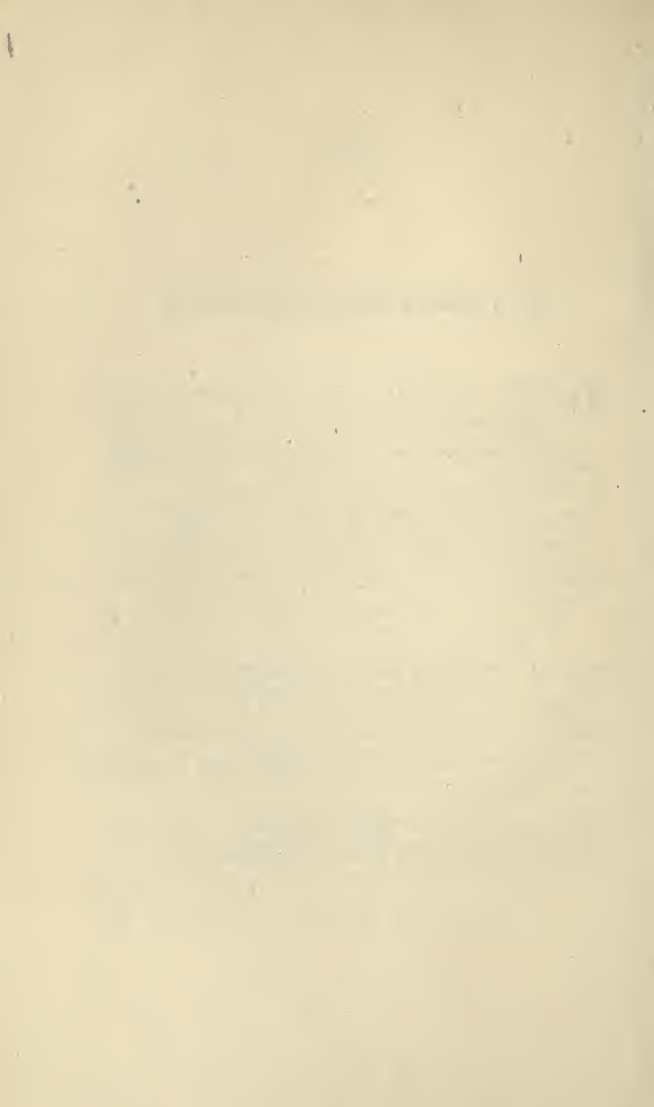
SWEET scene of peace! but what a thund'rous  
voice

Doth echo from thy fall, O Cora Linn!  
As if Dame Nature, bent on making noise,  
Would please by contrast—peace and deaf'ning  
din!

Spell-bound we stand in wonder and in awe,  
Enchanted as with magic of a dream;  
We feel the grandeur of resistless law,  
We feel the beauty of the woods and stream.  
Oh, could we dwell within the shelt'ring shade  
Of thy fair woods! oh, could we hear thy voice  
For ever in our ears, all that God made,  
Which we call "I," would ne'er cease to rejoice!  
Oh, may thy pow'r be cast around our life,  
And free us from its weary care and strife!

To a Blackbird in a Churchyard.

**O** BIRD, with yellow bill, that singest sweet!  
 Who wak'nest echoes of the bygone years,  
 And mov'st the soul to start the gentle tears,  
 As mem'ry hurries back with flying feet :  
 How can'st thou carol on the tree so gay  
     Above the dead, who sleep beneath the sod ?  
 How can'st thou break the stillness of the clay,  
     That fain would rest till waked by trump of  
         God ?  
 But yet, methinks, there's sadness in thy lay,  
     From tone subdued and soft in ev'ry note,  
 As if thy song would mourn the luckless day  
     Which 'reft the earth of youth and budding  
         thought :  
 Thy song, or sad or glad, doth tell to me  
 The joy of Being, in time or in eternity !



SONGS.







## SONGS.



### The Peasant Bachelor's Song.

**I**LK morn I rise I'm dreary, O,  
Ilk eve I'm weary, weary, O ;  
Oh, this dreary life ! I'll tak' a wife,  
And sail ayont the sea.

When I am wae and weary, O,  
There's nane to mak' me cheerie, O ;  
This bachelor life ! I'll tak' a wife,  
An' think nae mair to dee,

There's Kate sae guid and gearie, O,  
There's Jean sae blithe and cheerie, O ;  
Guid save my life ! I'll tak' a wife  
If I could tak' the twa.

And yet there's Min sae queenly, O,  
And Tib sae neat and cleanly, O ;  
"Deil tak' my life !"\* I'd tak' a wife,  
But I lo'e them ane and a'.

But still there's ae wee leddy, O,  
Wi' a he'rt o' love fu' ready, O ;  
She's a' my life, I'll mak' my wife,  
Wi' her gang far awa' !

\* This expression is not thought profane, but only a strong colloquial exclamation among the peasantry of Scotland. This is seen in an anecdote told of Watty Dunlop, the Dissenting minister of Dumfries. On one occasion Watty visited a village that consisted of a single street, at one end of which a woman was trying to turn "grumphie" out of a field of potatoes. She was well nigh baffled, and exclaimed—"Deil choke ye !" He went on without remark. At the other end of the village another woman was trying to chase hens out of a cornfield, and was altogether beaten and exhausted. As a last resource she exclaimed—"Deil tak' ye !" The minister stood up and said—"Ma wumman, *he'll* be here enoo. He's jist at the ither end o' the toon thrang chokin' swine !"

Love, Young Love.

LOVE, young love, is warm and true,  
 Clothed with dawn and bathed in dew,  
 Ardent with each burning thought,  
 Singing aye a passionate note.

Love, young love, hath curly hair,  
 Wings of gold and limbs all bare,  
 Face of hope and high emprise,  
 Mouth—a rose, and bright blue eyes.

Love, young love, is ill to bind,  
 Flits upon the scouring wind,  
 Enters in thro' prison bars—  
 Tender hearts he wounds and scars.

Love, young love, will ne'er turn round,  
 Once a gateway he hath found,  
 Clasps his darling fast and tight,  
 Will not leave by day or night!

# Squire Johnny Cocket,

RETIRED TANNER.

**S**QUIRE Johnny Cocket  
 Has cash in his pocket,  
 A carriage, a footman, and a' ;  
 He hunts 'mang the heather,  
 But ne'er talks o' leather,  
 That noo he's the laird o' the ha'.

A bachelor he,  
 But nae pedigree,  
 Yet fain would he wed Leddy Jean ;  
 He talked o' fine weather,  
 But *never* o' leather,  
 When wooin' wi' micht sic a queen,

Leddy Jean she was shy,  
But puir, by the bye ;  
Would gladly hae wed a rich lord :  
She liked na the leather,  
But took the gold tether,  
When the offer was well nigh four-scored !

Squire John he was crouse,  
Wi' Leddy Jean douce,  
His fancy on wings fled awa' ;  
“ I have nae *pedigree*,  
But wait, let me see,  
I sune may hae bairns at the ha'.”

A year passed awa',  
An' syne he had twa,  
A twin little lassie and lad ;  
The Squire he did blether :  
“ There's naething like leather,  
For whilk a' things can be had ! ”

Oh, Tam's Gane Awa' !

**O**H, Tam's gane awa', and left me to dree,  
 To sab and weep sairly ;  
 In the green kirkyaird I could lay me to dee,  
 For my he'rt is broken fairly !

He vowed to be true and aye to be mine,  
 And kissed me O so fondly ;  
 He stole my he'rt, my affections to tine,  
 When a few months had gane sae fleetly.

He pluck't me a rose to put in my breast,  
 And for my hair a lily ;  
 For he said I blushed like the sun in the west,  
 And at him did look sae shyly.

He ca'd me his dear, and pressed sae close,  
 How could I think him wily ?  
 And would he come back I'd forget, God knows,  
 For love, like a dove, is silly.

Oh, Tam's gane awa', and left me to dree,  
To sab and weep sairly ;  
In the green kirkyaird I could lay me to dee,  
For my he'rt is broken fairly.

My Jamie's Awa' Ower the Sea.

MY Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 His fortune to seek and a bride me to make,  
 For sae he wad hae me to be.

My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 The robin doth pipe and the merlin doth sing,  
 But oh, it is sadness to me !

My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 The autumn winds sigh aroon' oor bit cot,  
 And the saut tears they blin' a' my e'e.

My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !  
 Ilk morn and ilk eve is the wail o' my he'rt,  
 For death is appointed to me.



My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !

My Jamie's awa' ower the sea !

And ne'er while on earth shall I meet him again,

But we'll meet whaur nae pairtin' shall be !

## My Nannie, O.

**D**ARK is the nicht, and sharp the air,  
 The moors are white wi' sleety snow ;  
 But what care I for mirk or cauld,  
 When I gang to see my Nannie, O ?

Lang is the gate, and rough the road,  
 Wi' ditches, bogs, and hags, my jo ;  
 But when I'm there I mind nae care,  
 As I clasp my darling Nannie, O.

She is sae fair, sae bricht to see,  
 And love lights up her e'en that so  
 Ane thinks upon an angel face,  
 And yet she is my Nannie, O.

The auld gudeman limps oot wi' joy,  
 The auld gudewife blinks cheerie, O,  
 And Nan keeks oot ahint the door,  
 When I gang to see my dearie, O.

But sune the auld gude folk retire,  
And then ca' butt young San'ie, O ;  
And then, O then, I'm a' alane  
Wi' her, my sweetest Nannie, O.

The raptured hours fly past on wings,  
On angel wings no canny, O,  
As we talk and plan for happy days,  
When she'll be for aye my Nannie, O.

Dark is the nicht, and sharp the air,  
And moors are white wi' sleety snow,  
But what care I for mirk or cauld,  
When I gang to see my Nannie, O.

There is a Lass.

**T**HERE is a lass that I lo'e weel,  
 She's handsome, blythe, and bonnie, O,  
 Her e'en are like the black, black slaes,  
 Her lips as sweet as honey, O !

And O her waist is jimp and sma',  
 Her feet like mice as funny, O,  
 To skip and play like nimble fay  
 Along the dewy grun'ie, O.

Her hair is like the coal black jet,  
 In wavelets like a burnie, O ;  
 Her nose, that arches like the bow,  
 Is playful in its turnie, O.

Her air is like the queen o' May,  
 Majestic, yet sae simple, O,  
 As she trips along wi' lightsome he'rt,  
 And smilin' shows a dimple, O.

And O the shy look that she gi'es,  
It mak's my he'rt pit-pattie, O,  
When blushingly I hide my shame,  
By raising quick my hattie, O.

And then she is sae smart and licht,  
Sae guileless and sae jokie, O,  
That a' my life I'd gi'e and mair,  
To share wi' her my pokie, O.

My Love is Like a Blue Flower.

**M**Y love is like a blue flower,  
My love is light and gay,  
O my love is like a violet  
Smiling all the day.

O my love is like the sky in June,  
As calm and sweetly bright,  
O my love is like the pearly dew  
Sparkling in the light.

O my love is like a fairy fay,  
That trips upon the green,  
Her form encased in diamonds rare,  
That shine like ocean-sheen.

O my love is like an angel pure,  
Upon the rainbow rim ;  
Her smile lit up with hope and love,  
Her eyes with sweet tears dim.

O my love is bright and fair to see,  
And Lucy is her name ;  
O while I love my Lucy dear,  
I'll spread abroad her fame.

Some hae Rank and Riches.

SOME hae rank and riches,  
 Some hae naething ava ;  
 I wad hae a wee cot hoose,  
 Nor envy great nor sma' !

The laird, wha has a big hoose,  
 A carriage and pair and a',  
 Wha has lumps o' lan' and servants,  
 An's fit ahint the ba',

Can peace o' min' not purchase,  
 When thoosan' cares annoy,—  
 While beauty and wealth's aroond him,  
 He cannot them enjoy.

An' sae wi' kings and lordlings,  
 Tost and teasled by a',  
 They draw lang faces an' groan  
 At ilka courtier's ca',



The Queen, wha has rich dresses,  
Bedeckt and jewelled and a' ;  
Wha holds stiff neck to ladies  
May dearly wish awa'

To a wee cot by a burnside,  
Where rank is naething ava,  
And weary starchy faces  
Are ne'er seen in the ha'.

There's Robin wi' his cot hoose,  
Wi' hens and grumphies twa,  
"Wi' scarce a plack upon his back,"  
Is the happiest e'er I saw.

Some hae rank and riches,  
Some hae naething ava ;  
I wad hae a wee cot hoose,  
Nor envy great nor sma' !

Dear Jenny.

**D**EAR Jenny, I lo'e thee, but I maun awa'  
 To the toon, where the gay lark ne'er sings,  
 And at e'enin' nae meetin' in the green birken  
 shaw

Wi' thee to whom my heart clings.

The sweet winding river will gurgle its lane,  
 And the wee bird be silently sad,  
 Sin' love is departed and summer is gane  
 Frae the glen, where all was sae glad.

The flow'rs that did bloom like the flow'r o' thy  
 cheek  
 Will wither and nae mair be seen ;  
 The dog-rose, the pansy, and daisy sae meek,  
 Will smile nae mair where we hae been,

But though smoky the toon, and smutty the  
street,  
Wi' rapture I'll mind the hour weel,  
When, at e'enin', I hastened, my Jenny to meet,  
A heaven in her presence to feel.

And time cannot sever my love from me ever,  
Again I'll come back to my dear ;  
Though winter winds howl, and be frozen the  
river,  
My love will be warm never fear !



MISCELLANEOUS.





## MISCELLANEOUS.



### The Snowstorm.

HERE, snugly by my cottage fire,  
In spite of cold, and whistling ire  
Of wind thro' keyhole, and round eaves  
In swift pursuit of dust, or leaves,  
I sit me down to tell a tale,  
Somewhat that hap't within the dale  
A few years now ago, and I  
Remember it, and heave a sigh.  
It was a night like this, and snow  
Fell from the heaven to earth below,  
Veiling the air with darkness dense,  
And well-nigh stifling sound and sense,

Save that the wind did howl and moan,  
Wreathing the snow on moorland lone,  
And making one feel drear and sad,  
In spite of all to make him glad.  
In whirling gusts down from the sky,  
If sky there were—none could descry  
A tinge of blue, or glance of star,  
Throughout the elemental war.  
From morn the snow-flakes flitted down,  
O'er moor, and sea, and hill, and town,  
And yet they flitted in the night,  
And, driven fierce and far in flight,  
They filled the roads and hedges hoar,  
Nor any trace of footstep bore :  
For, blocked the ways were, and none dare  
To go forth in such subtle snare,  
That lures to sleep, and sleep to Death,  
Stealing away the gentle breath.  
Alas ! the wight who hath to go  
Out in the wilderness of snow :—  
It chills the limbs and chokes the breath  
As on he plods from wreath to wreath :  
And well he knows the awful strife  
He wars with it for very life :  
No light of moon nor star is seen,  
No trembling of Aurora-sheen ;  
The feet do miss the wonted way,



And ah ! how quickly they may stray  
Away from home, tho' home be near,  
Ere yet may be a thought of fear.  
In such a night the shepherd knows  
The danger from the blinding snows :  
He wraps him round in tartan plaid,  
By his own wife's hand deftly made,  
Around the head and o'er the back,  
Like Esquimaux in blanket sack.  
One look bestowed on wife and child,  
He dares not trust affection mild  
Lest he might fail in duty brave,  
Nor seek the master's flock to save :  
A whistle to his faithful dog  
He gives, and then, o'er lea and bog,  
Thro' choking drift he onward plods,  
To strive with Fate 'gainst fearful odds.

'Twas thus a shepherd in the dale  
Went forth to breast the stormy gale ;  
The night was falling fast I ween,  
Tinto and Culter were not seen ;  
The Pentlands did not heave in sight  
Their rounded form as in the light ;  
The brooklet did not hurry on  
Past cot and farm thro' moorland lone ;

But all was clothed in thickening mist,  
The heaven and earth had more than kissed,  
In rough and angry drifting storm  
Of snow, the earth had hid her form :  
The ice did hold the stream in thrall,  
The ear did lack the murm'rous fall,  
But yet on such a night as this  
The heart would long for other bliss—  
The bliss of being safe at home  
With wife and child—no more to roam.  
Yet moorlands have their heroes brave,  
Who from the snow their flocks must save,  
With heart as stout as soldier wight,  
Who for his country—wrong or right—  
Must die afar from home and friend,  
And suffer thus a violent end.

The shepherd left his shelt'ring home,  
Far o'er the moor he had to roam, .  
To seek the safety of his flock,  
And shield them from the tempest's shock :  
He battled hard thro' wreath and blast,  
And oft upon his face was cast ;  
But up he bravely got, and on  
He trudged, till he the task had done.  
He found the flock and safe them put

Within the shelter of a hut :  
Then, satisfied, he backward turned  
To his own home, where brightly burned  
The fire on hearth, the fire in heart  
Of wife from whom he late did part.  
His collie, faithful at his heel,  
Kept close, as if he liked to feel  
Near to his master in the strife  
Of elements that warred with life.  
Thus on they went for one good mile,  
By this they should have reached the stile  
That was not distant from his door  
Two hundred yards, or little more.  
But not one landmark could he see,—  
The wind blew with ferocity,  
Far greater than when first he'd gone  
Across the moorland dread and lone.

At length he saw he'd lost the way,  
His brave heart shuddered with dismay  
When he thought of his wife and child,  
And pictured her distraction wild,  
When long hours told her utmost fears,  
And sent her forth with streaming tears,  
To ask the help of others nigh,  
To seek for him ere that he die.

But bravely, bravely he fought on  
'Gainst wind and drift till Hope had gone,  
For, he had trudged, it seemed for hours,  
Amid that waste of frozen flow'rs ;  
And though he knew, if he lay down  
To sleep, too soon would Death it crown ;  
Yet, as, when Chinese smoke the ball  
Of opium, they straightway fall  
Where'er they sit in senseless doze,  
So cold and weakness limbs had froze,  
And helpless he fell down in snow,  
As falls a helpless smitten roe.

Wrapt in his plaid with one short pray'r  
For wife and child, that God would care  
For them if he would ne'er again  
Meet them on earth—then breathes, Amen !  
Amen, in life ! Amen, in death !  
And so we yield our fleeting breath—  
God-giv'n and tak'n how He will,  
And surely meaning us no ill.  
As flow'rs, that bloom in frosty air,  
Bask in the sun, and fall a snare  
To biting wind at eventide,  
So life by circumstance doth glide  
Forth on the balmy breath of heaven

By kindly death most gently riven ;  
And though we may lament the end  
Of him who was a loving friend,  
To Death we shall a debtor be,  
When joy shall fill eternity.

Meanwhile the mother by the fire  
Is full of longing, deep desire  
To hear his feet within the door,  
And cheery voice as heretofore.  
'Tween ev'ry gust of wind that beats,  
She harks, till Hope again retreats,  
And ebbs like sea upon the shore  
As if it would return no more.  
As when the small bird from her nest  
Hath absent been, of food in quest,  
Returning, finds it robbed and torn  
By ruthless hands :—sad and forlorn  
She sits upon a twig near by,  
A sea of sorrow in her eye,  
Her little heart throbs slow and dull,  
Nor wakes her song the evening lull—  
So sits the mother on the hearth,  
Her song is hushed, and baby-mirth  
Is quieted by face of fear,  
And more unwonted pearly tear.

Hark ! what a sound falls on her ear !  
A low quick bark of " Yarrow " near !  
O joy, he comes ! She opes the door,  
Yet nothing but the storm's loud roar  
Appears in all that chaos dark :  
O what ? O what ? Another bark  
Is heard not far—she rusheth out  
When baby's laid, and gives a shout :  
No human voice doth give reply ;  
But there is Yarrow standing by  
The house side, shivering with cold,  
With drooping tail—not as of old,  
When, with his master by his side,  
He in a joyous way would glide  
Up to his mistress on the hearth,  
And manifest a cheerful mirth  
By wag of tail and lick of hand,  
And, joyfully at her command,  
Watch calmly o'er the sleeping child :  
Now his distress hath made her wild ;  
She frantic lifts her hand in air  
And shrieks for pain, then breathes a pray'r,  
When calmness comes, and forth she goes  
Enwrap't in plaid thro' drifting snows,  
To ask the help of " master ' near  
To seek for him she loves so dear.  
Tho' well-nigh stifled, yet to door

Of farm she comes, but scarce for roar  
Of tempest can her knock be heard,  
And feebly can they hear her word  
When once 'twas oped, yet her sharp pain  
Was quickly seen, and not in vain,  
Through kindness shown by man and wife ;  
Three stalwart sons will seek the life,  
That lies imperilled in the snow :  
With dogs and lanterns forth they go,  
They walked the fields, both near and far,  
But all seemed changed, tho' moon and star  
Shone out at length—no object seen  
Could tell them where he might have been.  
Each hedge and bush was buried deep,  
As if they did repose in sleep  
Beneath the fair white cover spread ;  
Alas ! that it should shroud the dead,  
Who late were full of health and life,  
And love for home, and child, and wife !

Hour after hour they walked, but nought  
Could they get sight of him they sought ;  
Then, sadly to their home return,  
To tell their tale to all who mourn.  
Rest they must have, and wait the light  
Of morn, when better strength and sight

Might aid them in the saddened quest ;  
But ah ! the waiting ; oh ! what test  
To her who wrings her hands and prays  
To God, “ Out of the snowy maze  
To save her husband buried deep  
From the insensate fatal sleep.”  
How slow that hour to dawn of day  
Did seem with her to pass away :  
At length the faintest streak of light  
Shone in, and told them that the night  
Had gone ; so forth again they go  
Into the 'wilderling waste of snow  
To search as they had done before.  
Now, scarce a stone-cast from the door,  
Something was seen, and as they near,  
Yarrow, his dog, it did appear.  
But something more was at his feet,  
That made their pulses quickly beat :  
Was it his master he had sought,  
All night with wind and snow had fought,  
To watch o'er him ? or scrape away  
The drifting snow from where he lay ?  
Alas ! alas ! too soon they found  
The shepherd lying on the ground ;  
His breast all covered o'er with snow,  
His feet extending down below,  
Where Yarrow had it cleared away ;



His face gazed vacant on the day,  
The features and the limbs were stiff  
(And oh, what pathos hangs on *if*!)  
*If* they had been in time last night,  
Those eyes might yet have looked on light,  
Those hands have clasped a tender one,  
And many gracious deeds have done ;  
Those lips have kissed the infant child,  
And taught the way that's undefiled—  
The way to heaven thro' weary earth,  
Where sorrow dulls our song and mirth.  
Ah, me ! that what doth give delight  
Should fill us with amaze and fright :  
The body—noble house of soul,  
Would seem to have heaven for its goal,  
But when Death hath it in his hold  
We shudder at the touch of cold,  
And well-nigh tremble at the sight  
Of what we loved in life's sweet light !

Full soon they bore him on that morn  
To her, whose heart and life were torn,  
And left to struggle with dark Fate—  
One little darling for her mate ;  
Yet bravely she her grief did bear—  
A heroine like the hero *there*.  
A few more days, they buried him,

And many eyes with tears were dim ;  
For friends had come from far and near,  
To place a laurel on his bier,  
And show their sympathy with her  
Whose grief their inmost heart did stir.  
Not least among the mourners there  
Was Yarrow lying 'neath a chair,  
Curled up, nigh where the coffin lay,  
With jealous eye that seemed to say :  
“ Touch not my master ! ” yet a howl  
Did alternate with stifled growl ;  
And when told to “ be quiet,” and they  
Drew near to take the corse away,  
To his deep grief he gave sure sign,  
And uttered long a low sad whine !  
Slow o'er the moor the funeral went,  
To Carnwath churchyard steps were bent :  
And all the earth was robed in white,  
Like vesture of an angel bright ;  
The sun shone down on Tinto fair,  
Keen was the crisp Italian air ;  
And farmers, in their canny ways,  
Altho' their late friend they did praise,  
Talked of their prospect for the year,  
That this was cheap, and that was dear ;  
For, life to them a serious fight,  
Left little room for hero bright,

And they, themselves, would do the same  
As he had done, nor think of fame.  
Dark is the grave, and cold, and deep,  
But 'tis not dark to them who sleep,  
And darker, when the white snow lies  
Around the edge, and blue the skies  
Bend o'er in pity for our woe!  
Oh, darker would I say? Ah, no!  
Far brighter, brighter far, for then  
The soul thinks of a Home for men  
Beyond this vale of tears, and where,  
Within the pure, celestial air  
Their robes are *snow*, and heaven's own light—  
The Light of God—doth banish Night.

## An Infant's Grave.

'T WAS a little grave,  
In the quiet churchyard ;  
'Neath a marble cross,  
In the quiet churchyard.

'Twas a little mound,  
In the green churchyard ;  
'Neath flowers and moss,  
In the green churchyard.

There the robin sang,  
In the still churchyard ;  
Pensive sorrow sweet,  
In the still churchyard.

There a mother lay,  
In the cold churchyard ;  
Her babe at her feet,  
In the cold churchyard,

There sweet children played,  
In the calm churchyard ;  
By the little mound,  
In the calm churchyard.

And there angels bent  
In God's garden bed,  
Keeping watch around  
O'er the "blessed dead."

### The Hedge-Sparrow's Song.

A LITTLE hedge-sparrow sat on a tree,  
 And sang as blythe as blythe could be ;  
 From my heart I thanked her for her lay  
 That cheered me on my lonesome way.

I was ashamed to feel so sad,  
 When she could be so bright and glad,  
 Without the shelter of a home,  
 Save that of heaven's spacious dome ;

Without the knowledge of a meal,  
 She sang whate'er her heart did feel  
 Of thanks and praise for mercies past,  
 Nor feared that these would be her last.

She sang because the day was bright—  
 The sun shed down his gladsome light ;  
 And in her heart there was no night—  
 She sang as it was meet and right.

How could I mourn, and fret, and fume,  
As if on earth there was no room  
For mortals such as I, when heaven  
To birds both place and joy had given ?

And so I tried to sing a song  
To chase away the shadows long  
Of care and fear ; to hope I tried ;  
Then tranquil peace came to abide !

## Auld Hoolie.

AULD Hoolie ! ye're hoo-oo-ootin',  
     Hoo-oo-ootin' awa' ;  
 Why don't ye come by day  
     An' croak, like an auld black crow ?

Auld Hoolie ! ye're hoo-oo-ootin',  
     When ye hae naught in your maw ;  
 Why don't you come by day  
     An' pick, like an auld black crow ?

Auld Hoolie ! your hoo-oo-ootin'  
     Mak's lassies eerie a' ;  
 They quake mair at your hootin'  
     Than at croak o' an auld black daw.

Auld Hoolie ! your hoo-oo-ootin'  
     Mak's auld wives clatter a',  
 O' ghosts that roam in the woodland,  
     Whilk by a bluid-red knife did fa'.



## The Pilgrim.

**A**P the steep he climbed with haste,  
 Pressing—often weary ;  
 For the day was hastening on,  
 And the night came dreary.

Up the hollow of the glen,  
 Far from mansion cosy ;  
 O'er the stones that bled his feet,  
 While Mars, his star, shone rosy.

O'er the crags, and o'er the stones,  
 Fighting nor despairing,  
 For in rifts the flowers did bloom,  
 Smiling on his daring.

Never halting, never resting,  
 Onward, upward ever ;  
 But alas ! when morning broke.  
 He slept in Death's cold river.

### The Burnie's Song.

**I** RIPPLE on, and never am lone  
 Through the shining live-long day ;  
 And I prattle too, for I'm alway new,  
 Like golden fresh floweret in May.

The wee bird doth come and dip in his bill,  
 Then sings me a cheery song,  
 And I list with a will as I haste to the mill,  
 For I'm useful as well as strong.

And I sing in return, for tho' cool I burn  
 With the fire of the poet's soul :  
 I tinkle and treble o'er each sunny pebble  
 That kisseth me as I roll.

Then I leap far up, to kiss the king-cup,  
 As I flutter down the mill-race ;  
 And I joy above all, when near the fall  
 I look on the mill-maid's face.

## Across the Waters Deep I Glide.

SUGGESTED BY THE DRIFTING OF THE "COLUMBINE,"  
WITH ELIZABETH MOWAT ON BOARD, MARCH 1886.

**A**CROSS the waters deep I glide,  
Across the ocean's flowing tide ;  
I know not where I drift, but Thou  
Can'st tell, O Lord ; in faith I bow.

'Twas dark the night and wind blew high,  
And ne'er a star in all the sky ;  
Nought could I do, but call on Thee  
Throughout my nameless agony.


But thro' the weary nights and days,  
My heart doth chant an endless praise ;  
Reposing on Thine arm I lie,  
I fear no danger ; Thou art nigh !

And O is this the land I see—  
A little isle with emerald lea,  
Where on the golden sand doth lave  
In murmuring peace the blue-flecked wave?

And angels white do flit and come,  
To bring the weary pilgrim home  
To mansions with the marble halls,  
Where ne'er a glistening tear-drop falls.

O Peace! my throbbing heart, from thee  
Is wrung thy last dread agony;  
Thy barque hath landed in the lee—  
The Haven of Eternity!

## The Thrush.

 THRUSH ! that sing'st at morn with golden  
     breast

Reflected from the glory in the East ;  
 What joy subdued awakes thee from thy nest,  
 To pour thy liquid notes with sweetest zest.  
 I've heard the nightingale attune his lay—  
 A bolder, not a sweeter—ere the ray  
 Of morn came stealing o'er a southern clime,  
 Where music softly flows in easy rhyme :  
 From out my dreams thou seem'st an angel  
     bright,

Come down to earth with song to greet the light,  
 To brace man's courage new for glorious fight  
 With all the enemies of darkest night.  
 I greet thee, bird, with thanks and highest praise :  
 Thou teachest me to sing with heart my lays.

Again I Walked.

AGAIN I walked by the murmuring stream,  
 Where in days of yore I played,  
 And heard its music in a dream  
 When a spirit softly said :

“The days of the past are fled away  
 With their careless dream and joy ;  
 Thou’rt not the same as in April day  
 When thou wert a laughing boy.

“The stream flows on with its joyous song,  
 And the bird sings in the bough ;  
 The sun shines on through the seasons long,  
 But not the same art thou.

“Old Time hath wrought on thy form and face,  
 Thy thoughts show marvellous change :  
 A manly form and altered pace  
 Betoken wider range

“Of empire o’er all human things,  
And e’en of higher heaven,  
As thought flies away on soaring wings  
To eager conquest given.

“A change hath come o’er the friends of youth,  
They are not the same or gone ;  
Here all things fade but the Truth of truth,  
And that is found in One,

“Who makes the murmuring stream flow on,  
And clothes the lily fair,  
Who wakes the zephyr to blow on  
These vales and beauties rare,

“Who stands throughout the course of time,  
And never knows decay,  
Whose dwelling is the heavenly clime,  
And courts, Eternal Day.”

The spirit ceased and passed away  
With the gentle morning breath ;  
It calmly went on the wings of day,  
And I knew his name was “Death”!

But the music of the bye-gone years  
Did gently soothe my soul,  
And filling all mine eyes with tears,  
I knew my appointed goal.



### Nature's Influence.

OH! how is it, that when I stoop,  
 To list the music of the brook,  
 No longer do my senses droop,  
 And mirrored face takes answering look?

How comes it, when beside the fall,  
 I hear the waters roaring down,  
 My soul is held in pleasing thrall,  
 And thoughts on eagle wing have flown?

Ah! how is it at sunset hour,  
 When glory gilds the golden west,  
 I feel within the secret pow'r  
 Of perfect and eternal rest?

O what is it, when evening steals  
 Upon me, and bright Vesper shines,  
 Doth quell all that vague passion feels,  
 And with it what black care combines?

And Oh ! what power is this that spells  
    Beneath the midnight starry vast,  
When all my Being's fountain wells  
    In wonder infinite to last ?

## Autumn Again.

AND now 'tis Autumn once again,  
 And all abroad is poured  
 A golden light on land, and main,  
 And moor, where larks have soared

In op'ning Spring and Summer-time,  
 And built their nest for young :  
 But all are fled, and a pensive chime,  
 Like vesper-bell is rung.

The golden sheaves stand reaped in ranks,  
 And the reaper sings his song,  
 And a mellow tinge on river banks  
 Leaps in gilded waves along.

The earth stands dressed in her very best,  
 While burthened with richest gold,  
 In robes of light she sets a feast  
 For the hungry and the cold.

The weary see with brightened face,  
And the poor with thankful heart ;  
In ev'ry life some joy hath place,  
And the big tears downward start.

O Life, how strange, how sad in cheer  
Of Autumn's mellow light !  
Grieve we for years gone by, or hear  
We voices of the night ?

## In Memoriam—J.R.B.

## THREE SONNETS.

## I.

**F**AIR Adonis! loved Adonis is dead,  
 And all his glory shed within the tomb;  
 The raven locks, the noble brow, the head,  
 The sparkling eye are laid low in deep gloom;  
 But more than all the spirit of fine mould,  
 The intellect so keen and nice are gone  
 Away to wander in the sunset gold  
 Of other worlds, where he doth wait his own.  
 No more thy voice, sweet Adonis, is heard  
 Singing a song of praise in ev'ning hour,  
 Or soothing with a gently spoken word.  
 The fretting soul, or life, when dark clouds  
 low'r.  
 Ah, Adonis! I weep that we must part—  
 A little while from sight tho' in my heart.

## II.

Weep, weep with me, my Adonis is dead !

Awhile he sojourned in this world of care,  
And to another soul was sweetly wed—

A soul as pure as breathes the heavenly air ;  
And four bright children grew within their door,  
Like rosy cherubs 'scaped from out the heaven :  
All was content ; what could he wish for more

With business done, and music played at even ?  
Yet his high soul would wander forth in thought,

To climb Imagination's height, or paint  
The beauteous scene around, that Nature brought

Before his eye, like some fair virgin saint.  
Alas ! these high and noble powers are shed  
In that I weep loved Adonis now dead.

## III.

Yet, Adonis ! thy glory is not shed

But for this world ; above these realms of  
night

Thou'rt fairer, nobler far than tongue hath said,

As thou dost flit in love, in golden light,  
Before the throne of God, whom thou did'st love,  
And served'st here with quick and ready will :

Arising up from earth, like snowy dove,  
Thy spirit sped in haste, where is no ill!  
Here but awakes the life-breath of our powers,  
Here dawns the morn of everlasting day,  
Here buds do burst to bloom in fadeless bowers,  
For these our nobler part must shed the clay.  
O Adonis! in glory full art thou,  
While we in tents of earth with frailty bow!

## A Mountebank.

A MOUNTEBANK sat on a plank,  
 And see-sawed up and doon, O :  
 Quoth he, 'tis hoo the world doth shoo  
 Its bairnies 'neath the moon, O.

Then on his heid he stood unbid,  
 His big toe to the sun, O :  
 Saith he, I'm no' the only show  
 O' a fule turned upside doon, O.

Next balanced fair, wi' art so rare,  
 On edge o' plank so thin, O :  
 Exclaimed he then to wond'ring men :  
 "Rogues cry out 'skin for skin, O.'"

Yet on his thumb he whirled his lum  
 A thoosan' times aroon', O,  
 And queerly laughed at folk sae daft,  
 Wha birlled on their croon, O.



Roll on, O Sea !

ROLL on, O sea !  
 Thou art laughing, and laughing to me :  
 Roll on, O sea !  
 And take thou my trouble to thee.

Roll on, O sea !  
 Thou art dancing, and dancing so gay :  
 Roll on, O sea !  
 And fill me with gladness to-day.

Roll on, O sea !  
 Thy wavelets are rippling so blue :  
 Roll on, O sea !  
 And be my soul imaged in you !

Roll on, O sea !  
 Round continent, island, and earth !  
 Roll on, O sea !  
 And be my soul like to thy girth !  
 N

Roll on, O sea !  
Best mirror of heaven's bright sky :  
Roll on, O sea !  
And bear thou my music on high !

## To Dickie.

**W**HAT joy is thine, my little bird,  
 When pour'st thy music gladly heard  
 By him, thy master, waked from sleep,  
 To see the silver sunbeams peep !  
 Like mist upon the mountain brow,  
 Departing slowly, wreathed like snow,  
 Before the glorious king of day,  
 The night's despair doth flee away  
 At thy glad joy in song of praise :—  
 'Tis not in vain we sing our lays !

## The Village.

**O** SACRED spot ! where oft in youthful  
days,

I ran and played about thy bonnie braes ;  
And thought not then that thou wert like a  
flower

That blooms unseen in some fair heav'nly bower !  
Then thy new bridge was no new bridge at all—  
By steps we crossed above the waterfall ;  
The “auld brig” near the kirkyard told of time,  
That 'chance had seen the prophet\* in his  
prime ;

The silv'ry Ayr did wander down in glee,  
More sweetly murm'ring than in days to be :  
Thy row of cottages, so white and clean,  
Seemed like as in Arcadia it had been ;  
No “board” was o'er the school, but the blue  
heaven

Looked down on boys that got their “palmies”  
seven,

\* Alexander Peden.

When catechism or grammar was not got,  
For the three R's had not yet made it hot  
To budding youth, who love in glade to stray,  
To pluck the primrose, or for hours to play  
Like sportive lamb, or cony on the lea,  
And never think to be like busy bee.  
No longer now our teacher bears the rule,  
Like us he's gone into a higher school ;  
And tho' we thought not of his power for good  
When from his face we caught his passing mood,  
Yet when we look thro' rising mist of years,  
We pay him back with tribute of our tears.  
Above the school there was the village clock  
That ne'er could boast of fickle weather-cock  
Upon its tower, but like a finger up  
It calmly pointed into heaven's blue cup,  
As if to say—"Thy home is there above,  
If ye will but your Heavenly Father love !"  
The kirk, within its holy ground of graves  
Of loved ones, over whom the green grass waves,  
Had yet the narrow pew and table long,  
That spoke so well of sacramental song,  
Raised from the lips of many an agéd one,  
Or daughter fair or stalwart ruddy son,  
Who came from far and near, by glen and rill,  
And glad to go "up to God's holy hill !"  
The minister, with rev'rent form and face,

With thin white locks, and air of humble grace,  
Spoke fluently of holiness and faith—  
Of Him who, for mankind, did stoop to death.  
He too is gone, and sleeps within the mould,  
No more doth see the primrose on the wold,  
Nor hear the hum of bee in the glad spring,  
Nor list the lark far up on soaring wing ;  
The sick no more are his peculiar care,  
Who patiently their griefs did hear and bear ;  
But now he's entered into that sweet rest,  
In which, he said, the faithful would be blest.  
Thy bonnie woods yet wave as in the past  
Around the mill, and castle built to last  
Upon a rock, above the rippling Ayr—  
A fairy scene my soul would ever wear  
Within the inmost shrine of mem'ry dear,  
Till autumn ripen me for lowly bier.  
And Cleuch ! thy murm'ring waters heard the  
    sound  
Of Peden's psalm within thy leafy bound ;  
The holy man, in persecution dire,  
Took refuge in thy cave from the hot fire :  
Here he had peace to kneel, and worship God  
With *conscience* free, 'neath sky on verdant sod !  
Sing on, O rivulet, thy clear sweet song,  
As in my youth when summer days were long !  
And ye small birds that warble in the grove

Chant out your lay in throbbing notes of love !  
Well doth your music blend, and bear away  
On wing of fancy to a brighter day,  
When all the good will lift adoring song  
'Mid bow'rs unfading in the ages long ;  
When all the strife and grief of earth are o'er,  
And Death no more doth visit that blest shore.  
Fair hamlet ! yet I greet thee ere I go  
Away from thee, and changing scene below ;  
Endeared art thou by ev'ry mortal tie,  
And in my heart I'll bear thee till I die ;  
Next to the street of gold, that shines above,  
Thou wert the paradise of earthly love,  
Where in my youth—the cares of life unknown—  
I drank thy peace, in innocence now gone ;  
In thee I played with other children near  
The gate of heav'n, and heard its music clear,  
When fret or jar of earth ne'er came to mar  
The shining of the bright and morning star ;  
But all was joy as when the angels sing,  
While in a vale of heav'n like thine they wing  
Their flight along in companies to do  
The will of God, and earth, or man renew.  
Wave on, ye pines, that sigh above the way  
Whereon my feet in youthful glee did play !  
And sing, ye waters, of soft flowing Ayr,  
The song ye sang, ere death or time did tear

Me from the loved of youth—"the lost awhile"—  
Who in my memory do ever smile !  
And O, ye children of another day !  
Make glad the hamlet with your voices gay ;  
And, while the day of youth doth last, adorn  
Its street with laughing faces, eve and morn,  
Till Time doth come, to take you far from home,  
And bear its mem'ry sacred where ye roam !









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